National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

From The Christian Advocate and Journal.

AGITATION.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—STATE OF THE COUNTRY—STATE OF THE CHURCH.

The signs of the times very naturally suggest the inquiry, What are the Providential indications with regard to the duties and responsibilities of the Christian Church, and of individual Christians? Is it a time for hot haste in the discussion of questions in relation to which there is a differgence of opinion among citizens and members of the Church, who are equally wise and equally entitled to public confidence? Is it a time for the violent agitation of such sectional questions as at present perplex the most keen-sighted of our statesmen? Is it the best thing for the Church to participate in the agitating measures of those who assume the character of *reformers*?

The question is not whether what is proposed is either good or bad in itself, but whether it is practicable at the time, in the way, and by the means, proposed. We suppose it a truth that no sane mind will attempt the accomplishment of what is evidently impossible. We may see many reforms which would be desirable, and would be worthy of our patronage if they were feasible, but insuperable difficulties lying in the way, they come not within the range of Christian duties and obligations. To descant upon the glories of such reforms, and to attempt to excite the minds of men in their favor, would be to labor in vain, and might be productive of positive evil. We must look at things as they are, and in our efforts to remedy existing evils must not be governed by mere theories and speculations. Every effort of this sort should have a practical basis. We should not only consider the adaptation of the means to the end, but should also take into consideration the circumstances which constitute the essential conditions of success.

We have laid down these principles as preliminary to the special matters upon which we shall now offer a few thoughts. *Slavery* and its dependences are still destined to occupy a large space in the public mind. The aspect of these questions at present is such that it becomes a mattter of doubt whether their agitation, in the spirit and manner in which the discussion has hitherto been carried on, is safe or right. We should not now content ourselves with a decision merely upon the evil of Slavery, and suppose that this decision settles the question of *measures*. This would be acting with but partial views of the ground. The question now propounded is, Will the perpetual agitation of the subject at the North cure the evil? Will it probably hasten emancipation? Are there not reasons for believing that it will retard the object which it is designed to secure? And furthermore, is there no reason to fear that evils will grow out of the strife of words and the conflict of passions which necessarily attend the fiery discussions of this subject; which have hitherto marred its history, will be fatal to the dearest interests of the Church and the country? Admitting that those who are determined to keep up the agitation are all very honest, is it clear that their measures are wise?

We speak with reference to our Church and especially our press, and we are forced to the conclusion, that the continued violent agitation of the subject through the medium of the press, or by the action of ecclesiastical bodies, is highty inexpedient, not to say dangerous. It is not to be questioned that the country has been forced, by the exigencies of the question, to the very verge of a fearful vortex. The indications of a spirit of *disunion* have been too plain to be mistaken. Let the system of agitation be pressed a step or two farther, and the U. States of America may be plunged into the horrors of a civil war—a thing infinitely more injurious, even to the colored race, than Slavery itself. By a certain class of minds all this will be regarded as a mere bugbear, only calculated to frighten the simple.—With that class we shall be considered *an alarmist*, and may be an object of their ridicule and merriment. This is a matter of little moment to us—our object is to reach true and safe results, and those who entertain different views must bear with us in what they may esteem our folly. We are much mistaken if our impressions are not in harmony with those of the reflecting portions of the community generally, and if the country at large are not convinced that the further agitation of this subject is imminently dangerous. We all most surely have the natural right to speak upon all subjects, and the right to publish our views to the world—the liberty of thought, of speech, and of the press must not be infringed—but, with a wise and good man, it is an important matter to know when and how to give utterance to his sentiments and feelings. No one has *a moral* right to speak what would injure society, and throw the country into commotions which would peril the dearest interests of mankind and the hopes of the world.

We are very much deceived if we do not see strong symptoms of alarm for the safety of the Union widely extended among the people. The *union* of these confedrated States is dear to all the wise and the good. They justly consider it as holding an important relation to the emancipation of the world from the shackles of despotism. We rejoice that the people do love the union, and cling to it with the tenacity with which they cling to life itself. We are glad that they tremble and turn pale when they see it in danger:—this is to us a ground of hope, a basis of confidence, that the days of its departure are not near. Give the people time to reflect—let them take breath at suitable intervals—and they will be likely to come to right and safe conclusions. Only do not hurry them—do not assault their passions or prejudices—give them time for cool reflection, and they will solve the great problems of right, of liberty, of policy, of government.

As a part and parcel of the body politic, and as occupying a position to exert a most potent influence upon the mind of the public, is it not clearly the duty of the Church to abstain from all measures which are likely unduly to agitate the public mind upon the subject in question, and to unsettle the confidence of one section in the integrity and patriotism of another, and so loosen the cords by which these States are united together. In the exercise of the rights and functions of freemen we necessarily act as citizens of the republic. Our rights, properly considered, cannot conflict with the public weal. We cannot isolate ourselves from the body politic and take our measures merely from our rights as individuals to speak and act as we please. In all matters which affect the public welfare we must act as a part of the public, and always ask ourselves what will be their influence upon the civil compact to which we look for the protection of our rights—"the security of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." If we talk at random because speech is free, indulge in unmeasured censure of our legislators, because their conduct is a proper subject of review—and strioture if need be—and nullify laws, because we are not pleased with them—even should they be really unjust and oppressive—we shall by this process, so far as our influence goes, bring all law and authority into contempt, and loosen the bands of society. And will a Christian man do this? Can he do it? Is it consistent with the teachings of the Bible? Would it not bring religion into contempt before the world, and put the Church in the attitude of hostility to the State? If laws should be enacted which we cannot obey without violating a good conscience, all we have to do is to submit to the penalty or go out of the country. Openly to resist the penalty of laws, legitimately enacted, is *rebellion*, and is not only punishable as a breach of the public peace, but is an offence against the law of God. "The powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Romans xiii, 1, 2. "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work." Titus iii, 1.

Here is the "higher law" upon the subject, and it is obligatory upon all men. The principle of *resistance* and *nullification* has no limits, it sweeps away all the barriers of social order. When a man assumes the right to disregard and nullify one law, he has taken a position which may apply to all laws whatsoever, and which all others have as good a right to occupy as he has. If one man has the right to pronounce a law bad, and to trample upon it, so has another; and if one law may be so treated why, not all? Then every man would only obey such laws as pleased him, while he would hold the balance in contempt. Upon this principle there would be no law—every man would do what might be right in his own eyes. There are radicals and fanatics who go these lengths, but they are not Christians. Their philosophy is from the lower regions, and is as destructive of Christinnity as it is of law and order.

We next inquire whether the Church is in a condition to endure, unharmed, continued agitation upon this "vexed question?" We believe there is a strong feeling at the North against this course. The great mass of our people wish to keep the Church to her appropriate business, and have a strong repugnance to the idea of having our ministry, and our religious press, mixed up with political questions, and with the agitations which grow out of party collissions. They feel that agitations of this sort are prejudiical to the influence and efficiency of the Church, and greatly weaken her legitimate functions, and they sigh for a better state of things—their prayer is "for the *peace* of Jerusalem," and would procure it at almost any sacrifice.

We cannot well dismiss this subject without adverting to the interests of our Church in the slaveholding territory. A large share of Virginia, the States of Maryland and Delaware, and considerable portions of Missouri, adhere to the M. E. Church, and have special claims upon her sympathy and protection. The continued agitation of the subject of Slavery would be productive of the most disastrous results to these portions of our field. Such agitations enrage politicians, and greatly harrass our brethren there, while they neither liberate the slaves nor in the least degree meliorate their condition.

Our brethren on the border have a right to claim protection from these aggressions, and are justified in urging their claim with earnestness. It has been said that "we don't want the slaveholding territory—let it go to the Southern Church, or provide for itself." This has never been said with a view of the facts in the case—the declaration is not only unkind, but it is unwise, not to say reckless. We do want the slaveholding territory, so long as that territory wants us. We can cultivate it to advantage, and do good to the souls of both masters and slaves. But it should not be forgotten that the Baltimore Conference spreads herself over a large portion of Pennsylvania, and she has resolved *to hold together upon the present platform of the Discipline*, and she will carry out this resolution, and *the people* will sustain her. The Philadelphia Conference is similarly situated, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, is similarly disposed. Then, if advance movements upon the subject of Slavery, and the continued agitation of the subject, should force off Baltimore, what would become of Philadelphia?—what of New Jersey?—what of our commercial cities farther north and east? And the next question would be where is the M. E. Church herself?—where the unity and power which once constituted her glory?

We look at this whole subject in the light of facts which are plainly before us, and which we can scarcely misunderstand. Some may think us unnecessarily alarmed—frightened at phantoms at dangers of our own creation—but we are not *frightened at all*, our object is simply to present the case in a sober and true light, that the evils we apprehend may be averted. We think it right to lay out the facts, as they appear to us, just at the present crisis: indeed, present emergencies seem to require this at our hand. It would be folly for us to attempt to conceal from ourselves the dangers by which we are threatened. We say it with a clear and a deep conviction of its truth, that another secession, forced on by the Slavery discussion, would be the commencement of the process of *dissolution*, and that the destruction of the vitals of Methodism would probably be the result. With this conviction, our position will no longer admit of *silence* upon the subject.

We had hoped that those of our brethren whose zeal upon the subject appeared to us extreme, would moderate their measures, and that, in the mean time, we might contribute to the quiet of the Church by *non-interference* with the agitating theme.—Things have been progressing, however, until we have come to a crisis, and now we are impelled to speak out with emphasis. We speak under no excitement, but that of a love for the Church and the souls of men. We consult no consequences which are merely personal. We have a duty to do in the matter, and shall do it as we may have wisdom and grace, and leave our humble name to be dealt with as the Church and the world may judge it deserves.

We would fain hope—and we do hope—that our brethren who have hitherto been concerned in the abolition agitations, will pause and look at the subject dispassionately, and ask themselves *cui bono?*—*what good* is to result from the present course. What is wanted at the present crisis is *practical wisdom*. We must not content ourselves with mere theories. We must lay under contribution revelation, history, philosophy, experience, and not run on at random.

"In endless mazes lost"

JUDGE HUNTINGTON'S CHARGE.

To the Honorable Elisha M. Huntington, District Judge of the United States for the District of Indiana—

The undersigned members of the Bar of the Circuit Court of the United States, having heard, with great pleasure, the charge just delivered to the Grand Jury, on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, respectfully ask of your honor, a copy of that part of the charge for publication, believing that it reflects truly the sentiments of a large majority of the people of the State of Indiana.

Yours, &c.,

O. H. Smith,	Charles Dewey,
Charles H. Test,	J. Morrison,
R. Crawford,	Wm. Henderson,
Hugh O'Neal,	S. Major,
J. A. Liston,	James Rariden.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury:

I feel it my duty to ask your attention to another subject which I am sure you will think with me, deserves, at this moment, the gravest consideration of every citizen of the State. I allude to the late act of Congress, commonly known as the "Fugitive Slave Law."

When the Constitution of the United States was submitted to the different States for adoption and ratification, it recognized, by one of its plainest provisions, slaves as property; and although the term slave was not used in the instrument, that part of it which provided for the extradition of fugitives from labor was as well understood and well considered as any other part of the instrument. It was as clear as any portion of the bill of rights, and received the sanction of those States where Slavery did not exist as well as of those where it did. Indeed, without such a provision, the Constitution could not have been adopted; for it is well known that at that time Slavery existed in many of the old States where it has since been abolished.

That same Constitution is still in full force, governing all and protecting all. In 1793, Congress in pursuance of the constitutional requisition, passed a Fugitive Slave Law, defining the mode in which fugitives from labor should be reclaimed by those to whom they owed service. From that day to this, it has remained the law of the land. In the mean time, however, many changes have taken place in the social condition of the country. Prior to 1830 the cases in which the owners of fugitive slaves found it necessary to resort to the law, were comparatively few—there was no organized opposition to the institution—at all events there was little or no difficulty in enforcing the law. Since the Constitution was adopted, State after State has abolished Slavery, and it has been gradually receding from the North and the East, until it is now confined merely to the planting States. There have always been men, in and out of the slave States, and men of high character and pure morality, opposed to the system of negro Slavery; but this class of men never dreamed of interfering with existing institutions, much less of interfering with the individual rights of the owners of slaves. Until within the last few years, his right to his slave has been deemed as sacred as his right to any other species of property; and until very recently, it has never been claimed that there was any "higher law" than the Constitution which could defeat that right.

Without tracing the progress of Anti-Slavery sentiment in this country, up to this time, or referring to the causes, which, in my judgment, have given a party character to what otherwise would have been harmless opinions, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that at this moment we are passing through the severest ordeal to which the Constitution has ever been subjected. Evil passions seem to have been let loose, and madness, in some sections of the country, seems to rule the hour. The continual agitation of the subject for the last few years, has had a tendency to encourage the slave to flee from his master, hoping for protection from that class in the free States whose sympathies have been so strongly expressed in his favor. While Indiana has by statute aided the master, obstacles have been interposed by some of the other States to the recovery of fugitives; and this has led, very rapidly, as may have been supposed, to sectional irritation. The difficulties have been more and more complicated by the extension of our territory, thereby creating the necessity for new States and New Territories, until at last they have assumed an importance so threatening to the integrity of the Union, as to lead to the passage by Congress at its last session, of a series of measures intendant as an adjustment of all controversies. Of these measures, the "Fugitive Slave Law" is one. This law provides some additional facilities for the master in the recovery of his slave, and imposes some additional penalties on those who aid in defeating his recovery. This is all—the rights of the fugitive are substantially the same as they were under the old act of 1793; and yet the passage of this law, for which there seemed to be a sort of necessity, has been made the theme of violent denunciation by public meetings, and threats of resistance whenever it is attempted to be executed. By the provisions of the late act, the duty of aiding the master to recover his property, is chiefly devolved on the courts of the United States, and other officers connected with them. It is the duty of this court, where there is necessity for it, to appoint commissioners, who are charged with the performance of certain duties in aid of the master: but in all this, the rights of the fugitive are as clearly protected as they are under the act of 1793.

The 7th section of the act imposes a penalty of fine and imprisonment upon all who attempt to hinder the arrest of a fugitive—to aid him in escaping from custody, or who harbor or conceal him. It will be your duty to inquire whether any one within this District has rendered himself liable under this section. If there be any such person or persons, you will present them to this court for trial.

But it may be well to examine a little further into the consequences which may result from the resistance of this law.

In a very early period of the Government—only five or six years after the Constitution was adopted—Congress passed an act imposing certain duties on all liquors distilled in the United States. It was thought by a portion of the people of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, where there were extensive distileries of rum and whiskey, to be very oppressive. In Pennsylvania, open resistance to the law was made. Public meetings were held, inflammatory resolutions adopted, denouncing the law and all who attempted to execute it. The collector of the duties appointed by the United States, was threatened—his house and his papers were burned—the United States Marshal was compelled to deliver up his process and abandon his duties—the courts of the United States and of the State, were unable to make head against the spirit of resistance—they were powerless. At at last came to be a question between the powers of the Government and a mob. Under these circumstances, it was certified by a Justice of the Supreme Court to the President, that the laws of the United States were opposed—that their execution was obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the process vested in the Marshal. Every effort had been made by appeal and remonstrance; but, inflamed by artful and unscrupulous leaders, the standard of rebellion was hoisted. There was no alternative but to suffer the law to be trodden down by a mob, or enforced with the sword. General Washington, then at the head of the Government, did not hesitate to send a military force to the theatre of insurrection. He sent an army, and those who had defied the civil power yielded. Order was restored—the courts of justice resumed their functions—the law was executed, and from that period until 1805, when it was repealed—the officers of Government charged with the collection of duties, performed their duties without further popular interruption.

In the mean time, the leaders of the insurrection were arrested, indicted for treason, and many of them convicted, and but for the clemency of the President, would have met the fate of traitors. I have referred to this scrap of history to show, first, that if necessary, force will be used to put down resistance to the law, and in the second place, to warn those, if such there be in Indiana, disposed to test the power of the Government, of some of the consequences of such resistance. Ordinarily, the resisting the execution of legal process by one or more persons is a high misdemeanor, and severely punished; but when bodies of men meet together upon a common intent, and resolve to resist the execution of a common law, and by violence and intimidation do actually accomplish their object, the offence is far different. In the cases referred to in Pennsylvania, the Court, after full argument, ruled that "the attempt by a body of men by intimidation to prevent the execution of an act of Congress, was levying war within the meaning of the Constitution, and was therefore *treason*. The English rule is perhaps still more stringent,—the raising a body of men to obtain by intimidation the repeal of a law, or to oppose and prevent, by terror, its execution, is levying war against the Government. And, gentlemen, what can be more subversive of public liberty than proceedings of this character. They attack the very foundations of the Government. They make war upon everything which can secure social order and social rights.

Now it is very certain that in some quarters of the country, open resistance to the recent act of Congress before referred to, is threatened and encouraged by large bodies of bad or misguided men.—How far this spirit of disorganization will go unless checked by the interposition of authority, no man can tell. The subject is in itself an exciting one, and may be handled by designing men with powerful effect to inflame the public temper. It has been so used, and although confined to a very small portion of the people of any one State, so violent have been their proceedings as to furnish pretexts elsewhere for attacking the Union itself.

I regret to be compelled to say that our own commonwealth is not free from blame, for in a county near our sister State of Ohio, a meeting has been held for the purpose of organizing a forcible resistance to public authority—the most insane counsels prevailed; and if they attempt to carry out what they proclaim to be their intentions, they will be guilty of treason towards the Government, and possibly be subjected to its penalties. Thus has this mad spirit invaded our very homes, and I feel it my duty in the most solemn manner, to warn those of the consequences which will certainly follow if their threats are followed by overt acts. It gives me pleasure, however, to know that this spirit is confined to very few persons, and that the public sentiment of Indiana is for law and order.

Whatever may be the feelings of the great body of the people in regard to the institution of domestic Slavery, they will never be found making war on the rights of others. In the midst of a sectional controversy, which has shaken the government, to its centre, it has been our boast that Indiana has been faithful to the constitution—her tribunals of justice have ever been unawed and uninfluenced, and it is my firm belief that she will be found faithful to the last.

Gentlemen, there are too many indications of a coming storm, and although the spec in the horizon, may now be no larger than a man's hand it portends a crisis in public affairs which will test the stability of our public institutions. Threatened resistance to the law of Congress and inflammatory appeals to the misguided passions of a portion of the people of the North have placed weapons in the hands of those in the South who seek to overturn the government. Where this is to end God only knows; but our path of duty is plain. We must stand by the rights of others as we stand by our own. We must observe the laws and we must enforce their observance where they are resisted—we must keep our faith not only with each other, but with the citizens of other States.

You gentlemen, are assembled from every part of the State—you are familiar with the public sentiment and it is your province to investigate the matters to which I have alluded, and for this purpose you will have all the aid that the process and authority of this court can give you. If there are persons within this district who have rendered themselves amenable to the penalties prescribed in the 7th sec. of the Fugitive Slave Law, you will present them to this court for trial. If this law has been resisted or its execution prevented by the violence or intimidation of organized bodies of men, it is your duty to prefer indictments against them. In all your proceedings, however, you will be careful that no political feelings or prejudices shall taint the impartiality and the independence of your deliberation.

EXTRACT

Of a Charge to the Grand Jury of Mason County, (Ky.): By Judge Reid, *at the Nov. term*, 1850.

* * * * * * * * * * *

There is one subject I must not omit. It is my sworn duty, and for the first time I warn you as brothers, not to be more strict in carrying out the intentions of the General Assembly concerning Abolitionists, who conceive it right to persuade our slaves to run away, to murder and burn and pillage than formerly. The very attempt to do it, is punished by confinement in the Penitentiary. It was as competent for the law making power to make the attempt felony as it is to make the attempt to fire a house felony; yet in the application, I fear, we might do wrong, more especially with the Clergy. All I have said about treason and words, come up in review; when I hear a minister departing from the rule prescribed by Jesus Christ and the Apostles, and letting himself down to declaim upon "human liberty and negro Slavery." Liberty of this kind must be indulged they say, because it is preaching the gospel—"It must be as free as the air we breathe, as uncontrolable as the waters of the boundless ocean, it comes from Heaven, to which it tends, and is sufficient to embrace the progeny of Adam." Thus did not John Leland think when he penned these beautiful words. He was thinking of preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, and not abolition of Slavery he had the good of an unregenerate world in view, not he exciting negroes to rebel—and while he taught that we must tolerate error, while reason is left free to combat it, he taught in the language of the inspired Apostle, "If you are called being a servant care not for it, yet if you are made free by your master, choose it rather." In truth he always taught, "Servants to obey their masters, and knew that in every age of the world Slavery more abject than that among us had been tolerated. The Bible shews us that Abraham, the father of the faithful, had more slaves than ever fell to the lot of Washington or Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, or Taylor, or Tyler. Perhaps more bought with money, certainly more born in his house. And if I might not weary you, I would cite the same book to prove it was lawful to purchase servants who were to serve forever, and be an inheritance to the masters children. But I must not say too much on a subject that has occupied the wisest men in the world so long—about which our Congress talked nine months to settle as all good men hoped was settled, the rights of the States holding slaves to a return of them when they run away and got into the slave holding States—i must not because as the U. S now bound by the constitution they have taken up the matters, and passed an amendment to the act signed and approved by the great and good Washington 50 years ago. That we had a right to take them, and as the supreme court say, that no State can pass any law making it more onerous on the master. Some of our States passed laws to that effect, and it became the duty of the U. S. Congress to specify how slaves should be reclaimed. She has done it, through the instrumentality of the greatest living Statesmen among both parties, who gave themselves to their country, that the Union might be preserved. The law was duly assigned by the President, and upon the first complaint uttered by Abolitionists, your own beloved Crittenden decided it to be constitutional in all its bearings.—You know, that this deserving son of Ky., was called by the President and Senate of the U. S. to the office of Attorney General, because of his great natural endowments and information of a long political life, and that his place is now filled by Gov. Helm, who has also given an opinion similar to that expressed by his predecessor and the statesmen alluded to, whose names will be honored as long as our Union lasts.

Why then have I advised you not to be more strict than usual in carrying out the intention of the Legislature on the subject of attempting to persuade, or aid slaves away. Why just because at this time in some of our sister States, the people are in a ferment about that law, and on the very brink of committing the overt act of treason.

White men, forgetting themselves and their brethren of the same race and color, are banding themselves with negroes, and especially runaway slaves, to prevent their masters from reclaiming them. Lawyers have united in committees to advise slaves and runaway negroes to arm and resist their masters, if not the law of Congress, and even the Courts of the country are detained from doing their duty, as any man who reads may see. The army and navy, we hear, have been and are to be in readiness to aid the Judiciary whenever a blow is struck by the traitorous hands of the Abolitionists and negroes. This is one of the main reasons influencing me to ask you to deal as leniently as you can at the present sitting, regarding the right of speech as free as that of the person or press, constitutional rights which we never can surrender.

If any attempts have been made and evidence is brought before you, the law is plain. You must indict. All that I mean is that we ought, at a crisis so important, to be extremely careful what we say and do, to imitate our brethren, for by that name I will call them, though they claim kin with negroes, and some willing to part with their birthright, to favor that race. I know of no North, South East or West, as your Judge. I know of no party and I pray that the spirits of Hancock, Adams, and all the patriotic men of former days, may watch over our brethren and so influence them as to prevent the fatal blow. What if we would subdue them and get back our runaway slaves at the expense of the blood and treasure of the Nation, would the Union be worth it? How could we live together after such a dreadful tragedy? The very thought of what may happen, of what may have already transpired, appals me. And hence my advice not to add fuel to flame.

Gentlemen: without pretending to prophecy, though I sometimes fear that I read more newspapers than law, I will say to you as I did before the great outrage at Lexington, in destroying the press of "The True American," edited by Cassius M. Clay, that I am afraid to hear from Boston. I do not attribute it to cowardice, but to an inexpressible love of the Union. You know that I am a slave-holder, perhaps one of the largest in Mason County, and yet so great is my veneration for the Union that I had rather lose them all than to see it rent asunder—may it be preserved as it is now and forever.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury. my time as Judge expires before I shall ever address you again. It may so happen that I never shall have that pleasure. Allow me to say that with a district bording upon the Ohio, from the Virginia line to Cincinnati, it has been my duty, for years, to warn you of the now approaching danger, by making comments, at every term, upon the laws passed in our State against aiding or attempting to get slaves to run away. No part of the State needed a watch upon the walls more than this. It is with my county to say whether I am trust-worthy on this subject, the only one likely to divide the Union. I know that you are sound to the core, and will go as far as prudence requires to prevent disunion. If I have gone farther, bear in mind it was on account of the great love of the Union; and the fear I always entertained of what has come to pass in the very quarter where the blow is now likely to be struck.

Bear in mind, too, that the General Assembly made it the duty of the Judge to give the different Acts, in charge, from 1830, down to the present time, and ask yourselves if I have been too strict, or not strict enough; and whether upon the whole, I have not "endeavored to discharge my duty."

Think of what may be the consequence of the present scenes in Boston. If blood is shed, portray the situations of our city with the one opposite.—See all our Kentucky towns and cities engaged in open war against those opposite, in the non-slaveholding States—the people murdered, and more than murdered, cities wrapt in flames! Banks plundered, and all the evils flesh is heir to, taking place here, as they have taken place in Europe, and ask if I have not cause to fear! then ask for what has all this taken place, and the answer is in every patriot's mouth; "for the sake of making negroes our equals?" for the sake of being considered philanthropists. Better than the fathers who made our Government and gave us a Constitution at so great a price. Then ask who did it? Who broke the tie that bound us together? For what man is there in all the land that will not be able to answer.—Every school boy who reads can answer. We all know the cause, and while we deplore it, we pity the fanaticism which brought it about, involving the innocent with the guilty.

While I am now speaking, it is possible, it is even probable, that mobs of whites and blacks are awing Courts of Justice, and that the United States Army and Navy are being called on to disperse them. If so, farewell to the Union, and to all the Hopes of Republican Government.

I say too much about myself, I fear. Gentlemen, forgive me. I am the only Kentucky Judge found unworthy enough to associate with Judge McLean, of the State of Ohio, of the Supreme Court of the United States, though not entirely held up with him as a fit companion with Nero and Jeffries, as he is; for while the Abolitionists thus speak of Judge McLean, they publish part of my last address to you, as enough to blacken my name and memory among the Abbey Kelly and Frederick Douglass tribe, while they exalt Judge McLean to the degree of Nero and Jeffries.

The Judge lives in a non slaveholding State and ought not to have told the truth. I live in Kentucky, where it is at all times acceptable on this subject. Judge McLean holds his commission under the Government of the United States, and would have been dishonored for deciding otherwise. Will our young sister State of Ohio join in the abuse? Indiana, the State in which he gave the decision, will not. I will hand you the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, of the 31st October last, from New York, containing this notice of Judge McLean and myself.

Gentlemen: when I look back upon my different charges, I can see nothing to regret, unless it was the necessity of speaking out, as I sometimes did, against preachers. They, perhaps, were entitled to be let alone; because, in the language of the Apostle, so they did "ignorantly." I hope like him, they may be forgiven, for the same reasons, too Many divines, who see their error, come forth and acknowledge it to their honor, seeing the injury likely to come upon the country by preaching that "Slavery is a sin." You have heard them, you have read their books and listened to debates of the learned Mr. Blanchard, to prove it by the Bible, in opposition to Dr. Rice, of Cincinnati. I call names here because the latter has gained, as he deserved, great credit, for not distorting the word of God, to prove a favorite doctrine of his own State. I will not mention names of preachers and politicians who yet may repent of the evil of alarming the weak and timid, by the constant cry of "Slavery is a sin, a damning sin," nor prostitute my pen in quoting their words, concerning some of the first names I have mentioned, as now atoning for that sin where it can do no good, in unquenchable fire of hell.

Remember, gentlemen, the distinction I always made between such men and the pure and discerning philanthropist, who favored emancipation on other ground, saying, in the words of the great statesmen of the West, and of our own predecessor on this bench, who lives and is beloved by all who knew him, as well as thousands of others in the States; "The Bible aside from emancipation, is the best policy." This is an opinion we tolerate while reason is left free to combat it. The one I condemn addresses itself to the weak and uninformed, and fills our State with a population of the worst character; that Heaven may be won by works and the damning sin of dying a slaveholder avoided. Yet even those who did preach it ignorantly will now find friends if they reform; and whether or not I should be sorry to have gained their enmity in discharging my duty in pointing out their mistake.

Selections.

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

Such is the title of an able Sermon preached on Thanksgiving Day by Rev. Theodore Parker, an extract from which we give below:

III. And now a word about our dangers. There seems no danger from abroad; from any foreign State, unless we begin the quarrel; none from famine. The real danger, in one word, is this—that we shall try to enact injustice into a law, and with the force of the nation to make iniquity obeyed.

See some of the special forms of injustice which threaten us or are already here. I shall put them into the form of ideas.

1. One common among politicians is, that the State is for a portion of the people, not the whole. Thus it has been declared that the constitution of the United States did not recognize the three millions of slaves as citizens, or extend to them any right which it guarantees to other men. It would be a sad thing for the State to declare there was a single child in the whole land to whom it owed no protection. What, then, if it attempts to take three millions from under its shield! In obedience to this false idea the counsel has been given that we must abstain from all "political agitation" of the most important matter before the people. We must leave that to our masters, for the State is for them, not for you and me. They must say whether it is not for you and me. They must say whether we shall "agitate" and "discuss" these things or not. The politicians are our masters, and may lay their fingers on our lips when they will.

2. The next false idea is, that government is chiefly for the protection of property. This has long been the idea on which some men legislated, but on the 19th day of this month the distinguished Secretary of State, in a speech at New York, used these words: "The great object of government is the protection of property at home and respect and renown abroad." You see what the policy must be where the government is for the protection of the hat and only takes care of the head as far as it serves to wear a hat. Here the man is the accident and the dollar is the substance for which the man is to be protected. I think a notion very much like this prevails extensively in the great cities of America, North and South. I think the chief politicians of the two parties are agreed in this—that government is for the protection of property, and everything else is subsidiary. With many persons politics are a part of their business; the State House and the Custom House are only valued for their relation to trade. This idea is fatal to a good government.

Think of this, that "the great object of government is the protection of property." Tell that to Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, and Washington, and the elder Winthrops, and the Bradfords and Carvers! Why, it seems as if the buried majesty of Massachusetts would start out of the ground, and with its Bible in its hand say, this is false!

3. The third false idea is this: that you are morally bound to obey the law let it be never so plainly wrong and opposed to your conscience. This is the most dangerous of all the false ideas yet named. Ambitious men, in an act of passion, make iniquity into a law, and then demand that you and I, in our act of prayer, shall submit to it and make it our daily life; that we shall not try to repeal, and discuss and agitate it. This false idea lies at the basis of every despot's throne, the idea that men can make right wrong and wrong right. It has come to be taught in New England, to be taught in our churches—though seldom there, to their honor be it spoken—that if wrong is law, you and I must do what it demands, though conscience declares it is treason against man and treason against God. The worst doctrines of Hobbs and Filmer are thus revived.

I have sometimes been amused at the talk of men who call on us to keep the fugitive slave law, one of the most odious laws in a world of odious laws—a law not fit to be made or kept. I have been amazed that they should dare to tell us the law of God, writ on the heavens and our hearts, never demanded we should disobey the laws of men! Well, suppose it were so. Then it was old Daniel's duty at Darius command to give up his prayer; but he prayed three times a day with his windows up. Then it was John's and Peter's duty to forbear to preach of Christianity; but they said, "whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye;" then it was the duty of Amram and Jochebed to take up their new-born Moses and cast him into the Nile, for the law of King Pharaoh, commanding it, was "constitutional," and "political agitation" was discountenanced as much in Goshen as in Boston. But Daniel did not obey; John and Peter did not fail to preach Christianity; and Amram and Jochebed refused passive obedience to the king's decree! I think it will take a strong man all this winter to reverse the judgment which the world has passed on these cases. But it is "innocent" to try. However, there is another ancient case mentioned in the Bible, in which the laws commanded one thing and conscience just the opposite. Here is the record of the law—"Now both the chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment that if any one knew where he (Jesus) were, he should show it that they might take him." Of course it became the official and legal busines of each disciple who knew where Christ was, to make it known to the authorities. No doubt James and John could leave all and follow him, with others of the people who knew not the law of Moses and were accursed; nay, the women, Martha and Mary, could minister unto him of their substance, could wash his feet with tears, and wipe them with the hairs of their head. They did it gladly, of their own free will, and took pleasure therein, I make no doubt. There was no merit in that—"any man can perform an agreeable duty." But there was found one disciple who could perform a disagreeable duty. He was perhaps, "with alacrity," and betrayed his Saviour to the marshal of the District of Jerusalem, who was called a centurion. Had he no affection for Jesus?—no doubt but he could conquer his prejudices, while Mary and John could not.

Judas Iscariot has rather a bad name in the Christian word; he is called "the son of perdition" in the New Testament, and his conduct is reckoned a "transgression;" nay, it is said the devil "entered into him," to cause this hideous sin. But all this it seems was a mistake; certainly, if we are to believe our "republican" lawyers and statesmen.—Iscariot only fulfilled his "constitutional obligations." It was only on that point of betraying his Saviour, that the constitutional law required him to have anything to do with Jesus. He took his "thirty pieces of silver"—about fifteen dollars, a Yankee is to do it for ten, having fewer prejudices to conquer—it was his legal fee, for value received. True, the Christians thought it was "the wages of iniquity," and even the Pharisees—who commonly made the commandment of God of none effect by their traditions—dared not defile the temple with this "price of blood;" but it was honest money; it was as honest a fee as any American commissioner or deputy will ever get for a similar service. How mistaken we are! Judas Iscariot is not a traitor, he was a great patriot; he conquered his "prejudices," performed "a disagreeable duty," as an officer of "high morals and high principles;" he kept the "law" and the "constitution," and did all he could to save the "Union;" nay, he was a saint, "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles." "The law of God never commands us to disobey the Law of man." *Sancte Iscariot ora pronobis.*

From The Pennsylvania Freeman.

SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.

Another atrocious outrage has been perpetrated under the infamous Fugitive Act, the particulars of which, as related to us by a person living near the spot, were as follows:

On Saturday morning last, about 2 o'clock, a colored family, living between Coatesville and the Gum Tree in Chester county, was disturbed by a knocking at the door and the voice of a man demanding help. The man said that his wagon was stalled at the foot of a hill near by, and he wanted help to get out of his difficulty. The occupant of the house, prompt to render the aid desired, opened the door; but instead of one, found two persons—both white men—standing outside, both of whom immediately entered, and by their words and manner at once satisfied him that their errand was one of evil. They intimated that they were after a fugitive slave, and were making their way to the next room, when, perceiving their purpose, he drew an axe from under his bed, and bid them proceed at their peril. By this time his brother with a gun in his hand, was on the scene of action, while simultaneously three persons from without were added to the party of the assailants. A scuffle ensued, in which the gun was wrested from the man's hands and a number of pistol shots fired by the white party. One of these pistol shots took effect in the arm of the man with the axe, wounding him severely; but he maintained his ground at the door of the room, signifying his purpose, in terms not to be misunderstood, to guard it at the risk of his life. At length a parley ensued, and the white party retreated, saying they would bring a reinforcement. When they left, the colored man sent out for assistance, which speedily arrived in the shape of about 20 brave and stalwart men, ready to defend their friend and his family to the death. The white party, however, took counsel of discretion, and did not again make their appearance.

In addition to the man who was shot in the arm, two others of the family came very near being seriously, if not fatally injured. One—a man—was struck by a ball, which made a slight wound, but did him no injury, and the other—a woman—had her clothes perforated by a bullet from one of the white men's revolvers.

This is the story, substantially, as related to us by our Chester County acquaintance. The following, published in Monday's *Bulletin*, does not differ from it materially, and as it bears date from the Marshal's office, and may therefore be regarded as in some sort official, we prefer to publish it also.

Monday, Dec. 30.

U. S. Marshal's Office.—*Another Slave Case.*—About three months since a writ was issued by Edw.

D. Ingraham, for the arrest of a fugitive slave, who, it was alleged, was then residing at Parksburgh, Chester County. The marshal did not succed in arresting the man, and until Friday last the writ remained inoperative.

On Friday night last, a party, consisting of Deputy Marshal Halzell, constable Agen, and four or five other men, proceeded to Coatsville Chester Co., to execute the writ. They arrived at the house where the fugitive was supposed to be secreted, and knocked at the door. A colored woman opened the windows to know their business, when she was informed that they had broken the traces of their wagon and wished a light to mend them. She came down stairs and admitted the party in waiting. After they had effected an entrance and were proceeding up stairs they were met by two colored men and two colored women. The women and one of the men were armed with axes, and the other man had a gun. The Marshal told them that they were in search of a fugitive slave; but they refused to let him or any of his men enter the room. The gun was taken from the man, and the party endeavored to disarm the man with the axe. A pistol was fired at him, the ball of which must have entered his breast, but he still maintained his resistance. The fight continued until the Southern gentleman, who was with the party, advised the Marshal to withdraw, remarking that he would not have one of them killed for all the negroes in Pennsylvania. The party then retired. Several shots were fired, and more than one colored person is supposed to have been shot. One was seen to fall as the officers were leaving. None of the Marshal's party were injured.

We have a few remarks to make on the base transaction here detailed.

In the first place, we had understood that Anthony Roberts, the U. S. Marshal for this District, was a humane man; that he was opposed to Slavery in general, and to the Fugitive Slave Law in particular; that he had been strongly inclined, after the passage of the Act to resign his commission, and had been mainly restrained from doing so by the belief that if he were to resign, another would be appointed to his place who would have none of his humane compunctions, and who would enforce the law with a needless rigor.

In the next place, we know that some of Mr. Roberts' Deputies have been in the habit of making strong professions of regret at the existence of the law, and their official obligations to execute it; and that they have declared that nothing could overcome their repugnance to the task except their sense of duty under the oath of office.

But how is all this to be reconciled with the above statement of facts? Where, in all the transaction here detailed, is there any sign, on the part of Mr. Roberts—or his deputy who represents him—Mr. Halzel, of reluctance, or repugnance to their duty? Of friendly feeling to the colored man, or any even of the common manifestations of humanity!—At a dead hour in the night, an innocent and unsuspecting family is disturbed by an appeal for help. In the generosity and hospitable impulses of his heart, the head of the family opens his doors in response to the appeal. But he suddenly finds himself a victim to a base stratagem. He has admitted into his domicil a band of armed ruffians, who have come there to violate the sanctities of his home. His "house is his castle," as he has often heard and he defends it as best he may. His assailants draw upon him their revolvers; his family comes to his assistance, and they are fired upon, and it is only by a miracle, as it were, that they escape with their lives.

But what a spectacle is here exhibited. Five white men, led by the Marshal, armed with revolvers, attack suddenly two comparatively defenseless men and two women. Thanks to the intrepidity of these brave men and women, however, the ruffians were foiled of their purpose and deprived of their prey. They were driven back, and made to seek safety in retreat. It was a noble defence on the part of the colored people, and whatever may be thought of the principle involved in it, was maintained with a heroism that does them all honor. But what language can express the baseness, the cowardly treachery of their assailants? What apology—what palliation can be offered for the meanness and cruelty of the assault? The Fugitive Law, as interpreted by our Jeffries Ingraham, we thought as atrocious as the most pro-slavery heart in the country could desire it, but as executed by Mr. Roberts' deputy marshal, Samuel Halzell, it reaches a point of diabolism which exceeds anything that we had previously imagined.

It will be noticed that in this case, as in that of Adam Gibson, the person in danger was indebted at last for his deliverance, not to the law or its functionaries, but to the humanity of the slaveholder. The Marshal it seems, was taken off from the fight, at the bidding of the Maryland master.

It is said—and that too by one of the Deputy Marshals—that the slaveholder was so impressed by the heroism displayed by these brave colored people, that he remarked:—"Well, if this is a specimen of the pluck of the Pennsylvania negroes, I don't want my slaves back."

But these shameful—shameless atrocities, which are now practiced in our borders, how much longer are they to be endured?

Is the State of Pennsylvania actually to be made another Guinea Coast, and the cottages of its innocent and unsuspecting inhabitants to be broken into at the dead of night, by ruffian slave-catchers in pursuit of their prey? And that, too, under the Law of the Land, and led on by our National and municipal officers? We ask again, how much longer is this to be endured?

We have one more word to add; and that is, that towards Mr. Roberts, the U. S. Marshal—though we have spoken of his course in this affair freely—we have never entertained any but feelings of strong personal respect. We have even taken some pains with our friends to explain, though not to defend, the philosophy by which he justifies himself in holding, and executing the duties of his present odious office. But his course (or that of his deputies, which is the same thing in the eye of the Law and of the Public,) we can neither defend nor at present extenuate. Whatever may be our private feelings of regard for Mr. Roberts, we are not at liberty, were we even so disposed, to speak of his responsibilities in the abovementioned transaction in any other than terms of the strongest reprobation. If his deputies have exceeded or violated their instructions, or if the above account, dated from his office, is incorrect, or does them or him material injustice, there remains, on his part, a duty to be performed, the execution of which he will understand very well, without any suggestion from us.

THE FREE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH of Wisconsin held their first Annual Conference at Trenton, Wisconsin, a few days since, and signalized it by the passage of the following Resolutions as their platform of principles:

Resolved, That we strike out the word *white*, in Article 12, Sections 1 and 2, of the Constitution of the Methodist Protestant Church.

Resolved, That we, as members of the First Annual Conference of the Free Methodist Protestant Church in Wisconsin, do absolve ourselves from all connection with all those *professing* to be *Christians who hold in oppression their fellow-men*, believing it to be a *great moral evil, a sin against God*, and a great hindrance to the upbuilding of the cause of Christ and the extension of Religious Liberty; and we also declare ourselves to be a Free Methodist Protestant Church.

Resolved, That we hold fellowship with all Christian denominations.

Resolved, That we believe American Slavery to be a moral evil.

Resolved, That intemperance is a growing evil in our land, and no brother shall make, buy or sell, or use as a beverage, or in any way, except for medical or mechanical purposes, any spiritous or malt liquors.

Resolved, That we believe in the equal rights of ministers and members and all our members are equal and free.

Resolved, That we, as a Free Methodist Protestant Church, disapprove and protest against the Fugitive Slave Law, and recommend its repeal, and avow ourselves not bound by any principle of right to carry out its provisions.

Resolved, That we strike from page 61 of the Methodist Protestant discipline, in Sec. 5, from the word "Meeting" to the word "persons," (which will dispense with door-keepers and love feast tickets.)

Resolved, That we adopt the principles of Moral Reform.

IN CONGRESS the only measure of importance yet touched upon is the new Postage Bill, which nothing conclusive is yet determined. The following brief debate is the only allusion we have seen of late to the Slavery question:

Mr. Julian asked leave to present the memorial of the annual meeting of the Society of Friends in Indiana, against Slavery being allowed, and particularly the Fugitive Slave Bill, and asking for the repeal of this so-called cruel, wicked and infamous law. He wished it to be referred with instructions. Objection was made in various quarters.

Mr. Stanly of N. C., asked whether the gentleman could not present the memorial under the rules and have it referred.

The Speaker replied that this could be done, but not with the instructions.

Mr. Kaufman of Texas, wished to know what the instructions were.

Mr. Julian said to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. The question was taken on the suspension of the rules, and decided in the negative.—Yeas 68, Nays 119.

Mr. Schenck of Ohio, inquired whether, if Mr. Julian requested the memorial to be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary or any other Committee, it could not be so referred under the rule.

Mr. Speaker replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Schenck hoped it would be presented, and so referred.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1851.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

THE Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the TREMONT TEMPLE in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 22d, and will probably continue in session the two succeeding days. We need not remind our friends of the importance, at this juncture, of a large attendance, and a full representation of every part of the State. Beyond a doubt this will be, what the times so much require, a thronged and enthusiastic meeting. And we cordially invite our friends beyond the limits of Massachusetts, to be with us on this approaching anniversary.

Let every true soldier in the warfare against Slavery, every one who is determined to have no share in upholding the accursed thing, all who fear God and his laws more than Slavery and its mean and cowardly enactments, come to the annual meeting of the old pioneer Society. Again let the voice of Massachusetts and New England go forth in tones that shall startle the aggressor, and make him let the oppressed go free.

☞ In addition to the long-tried and eloquent advocates of our cause, whom we have been wont to see and hear at our annual gathering, we have great pleasure in saying that our faithful and noble friend, GEORGE THOMPSON of England, is expected to be with us. The Annual Report is expected to be printed and ready for distribution in the course of the meeting.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*
EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

Appeal to the Friends of Freedom.

IT has become necessary to appeal to the friends of LAW and FREEDOM for funds to test the legality of the proceedings against HENRY LONG, under arrest as a Fugitive Slave. It is desirable that eminent counsel should be retained to defend Long in the Courts in the City, and, if need be, in the Supreme Court of the United States; and to have the illegality and unconstitutionality of the proceedings ably argued. The course marked out may involve the expenditure of several thousand dollars. Should more be contributed than may be necessary in the case of Long, the balance will be sacredly kept as a Fund to be used in similar cases, should they occur. Money may be sent to HORACE GREELY, Esq., Editor of the *Tribune;* to LEWIS TAPPAN, 61 John Street; or to S. H. GAY, 142 Nassau Street.

☞ Editors friendly to the cause are respectfully and earnestly requested to insert the above appeal, and to aid the same editorially.

THE CONTEMPT OF THE CLERGY AND ITS CAUSE.

IT is a time-honored usage of the Bay State to have a Sermon preached on the day of the assembling of the Great and General Court before that august body, by some eminent divine elected for that purpose by their predecessors. It has come down from times when the connection of the Church with the State, of the Clergy with the Magistracy, was much more close and direct than it has now grown to be. The Election Sermon in the times when the counsel of the ministers and elders used to be called for by the Governor and Assistants in times of especial peril, and for long after, used to have a weight and significancy which it lacks now. The times have changed, and the great ones of the world of Massachusetts have changed with them: and what was once the hallowed oracle giving wisdom, comfort and strength, has become but a custom which no legislator likes to propose to have discontinued, but which too many are glad to *shirk*, particularly if it interferes with the sacred hour of dinner. It is now regarded as chiefly valuable as an opportunity to pay a compliment to a clerical friend on the one side, and accepted as such on the other. For we apprehend that no reverend gentleman now approaches the office with the awe which made "the sure and steadfast earth itself grow coggly" under the feet of the Reverend Micah Balquidder when he preached before the Lord High Commissioner and the General Assembly.

This year this honorable load was imposed upon the Rev. Professor Park, of the Theological Seminary at Andover. His topic was a significant one—"the indebtedness of the State to the Clergy." It was a magnifying of his office, of which, as such, no one could complain; but of which every one must take notice. For whence the necessity of this service? In the old days there was no need for the minister to remind the authorities of the importance of his functions, and of the weight to which they were of right entitled. All admitted them. No man questioned the necessity of the Order or the just influence it had and should have over the affairs of State. The fact that a clergyman of the eminence of Professor Park thinks such a subject the most deserving of audience when the whole Commonwealth may be supposed, at least by a fervid imagination, to be present in the persons of its Collective Wisdom, denotes a foregone conclusion. It indicates that the importance of the Clergy, as an essential part of a well ordered Commonwealth, is not as universally recognized as it was of old time. And we suppose the general fact that neither the dignity nor the power of the Clerical Order is what it was in the golden days of the New England Churches, will not be denied, however much it may be deplored, by its most enthusiastic members.

Now, why is this? Whence has grown this Revolution, for so it almost deserves to be called, in the habits of thinking and feeling of the people? Is it because the people are less truly religious? We think not. Is it because investigation into the origin and authority of an ordained body, set apart for religious service, has been more general and more searching than in former years? We think that this direction of the thoughts of men, the fact of which cannot well be denied, whatever may be thought of the conclusions to which it has led, is rather the consequence than the cause of this state of things. We do not propose to enter into the consideration of the abstract question, which is neither pertinent to our columns nor necessary to our purpose. We merely wish to look at the fact as a fact, and to see to what cause it may be attributed. It is sometimes laid to the charge of the Abolitionists, and the false witness is borne against them, that one main motive and end of their agitation has been and is to malign the character and undermine the influence of the Clergy. Is this so? We will not deny that there has been a certain relation between the increase of the influence of the Abolitionists and the decrease of that of the Clergy; but it was in no wise any part of their plan or of their expectation.

It is our opinion that the present position of the American Clergy, as a Class, is not owing to Abolitionism, or infidelity, or any other extrinsic cause, but to *themselves*. The mass of men do not approach their doctrinal opinions through the gate of Abstract Reflection, when they find themselves dethroning them and setting up new Sovereigns; it is by the avenue of Experience and in the clear light of Facts that they enter into the Adytum of their thoughts, and lay conoclastic hands on their idol ideas. We admit that the experience and the facts which have shaken men's faith in this class of their ideas, have been largely and closely related to those of the Anti-Slavery Movement; but they are not to blame for the use, or misuse, that the American Clergy have seen fit to make of them to their own disadvantage and derision. The agitation of the Slavery question by Mr. Garrison, the compulsion irresistible, though only moral, which forced the attention of the American people to the condition of the Slave, and their own guilty relation to him, was the sure and fatal test of the character of their religious teachers. The thoughts of men being irresistibly directed to this giant sin, they naturally turned to their religious teachers, to gather instruction from their lips. The Clergy of Boston were the first men to whom Garrison applied when he entered on the work of his mighty try. But they sent him away empty. And what has been the course of the Clergy as a Class, with honorable exceptions, who ask not to be named, from the beginning of this Movement? Has it been such as to conciliate the esteem and command the admiration of the truly religious world?—Let us see.

In the early days of the enterprise, they derided the idea that Slavery was a Sin against God and to be repented of and abandoned as such. The patriarchs, the prophets, the Apostles, the Messiah himself, were made to prove the innocency of Slavery by their examples, their words, or their silence. The worst, as well as the best, of the people knew better. They knew that the fundamental principles of Republicanism and Christianity, if applied to Slavery, would annihilate it at a touch. Even when they laid hands on the Abolitionists, and persecuted them even unto strange cities, they inwardly knew that the doctrines they held were right, and their very violence was a proof of their knowledge. For the broadcloth Mobs of 1835 knew that an Absurdity and an Untruth might be safely left to themselves. How many of the ministers of high rank in the great Denominations had a word to say in defence of Freedom of Speech stricken down in their streets, or of rebuke to the pro-slavery fanaticism of that attempted Reign of Terror? And so onward. Who have been the bitterest revilers of the Abolitionists, even when the influence of their labors had made the former gross wickedness of Clerical pro-slavery unwise and inexpedient? Who the readiest vehicles of defamation and lies? Men in pulpits, and having the control of the Religious Press. And, now, who is it that justify the Abominable Slave-catching law, that stand ready to bless Slave-catching Meetings, and preach passive obedience and non-resistance to wicked laws and wicked rulers, but the great leaders of the Denominations? Calhoun and Clay and hangman Foote shine as moral teachers when contrasted with the black infamy of such men as Drs Spring, Hawks and Dewey. For they do not pretend that Slavery or Slave-catching is a moral duty—but a political necessity.

The fact is, that the politicians and the world are in advance of the ministers and the Churches on this and many other points of practical morality. And this is fatal to the *prestige* of religious authority. The men who now profess to admire and applaud those very clerical favorites of their own bad passions, like all tyrants, despise them in their hearts. And the class which have been led to question and reject the authority of the Clergy, by their conduct in these directions, are not now, as once their antagonists were, the worst portion of the community, but the best. Not the infidels, but the practical Christians; not the debauched and profligate, but the pure, the devout, the benevolent. There is much in both these facts to account for the change that has came over the American mind in regard to the Clergy. Their professed admirers, in their course as to Slavery and Anti-Slavery, are their secret foes. The lives and actions of the men who openly rebuke and walk not after the clergy because of their sins, bear witness to them that they may be believed. But their worst enemies are those of their own household. Such men as Professor Stuart, Dr. Spring, Dr Dewey, and the many ministers who have borne their testimony to the religious duty of Slave-catching, are they that stab their profession under the fifth rib. The life of a priesthood is its character, and this these men have taken away. The occasional exceptions ask not to be excepted. Take away the Great Denominations and their leaders, and the men who acknowledge the Christian character of those leaders, and the remnant will be small indeed. This is the great cause of the decline of the influence of the Clergy. Repentance and Reformation is the only possible way of regaining it.

We have made no observations on Mr. Park's Discourse, as we have only seen it in imperfect reports. We think it may contain matter for special observation at another time.—E. Q.

THE MISSION OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

WE published in the last No. but one of the *Standard*, as the 'constant reader' will remember, some columns of vituperation poured out upon George Thompson by the editors of Southern newspapers. These comments upon the visit of that gentlemen to this country did not, it is true, differ so much in the matter as in the manner from those made in many Northern papers; but this was in itself enough to make them far more entertaining, and had the advantage beside of presenting in the strongest terms all the objections that had been, or could be, raised to Mr. Thompson's visit. An answer, if it were thought worth while to make one, could be made that should cover the whole ground, and be final and conclusive. Such an answer the *Liberator* has thought best to give, in a letter from Mr. Thompson to Mr. Garrison announcing his intended visit. Unfortunately, those who may need to be convinced that the former gentlemen never meant to dissolve the Union by his advent in this country, and that he is not here as the paid emissary of the British Government, will never see this letter; and those who will see it, do not need to be so convinced. The unjust aspersions cast upon Mr. Thompson's character, and the frivolous pretexts upon which these aspersions are founded, are made by men who mean to do him injustice, and who would receive no evidence which convicted them of slander or mistake. Such men will be very careful to keep, so far as they can, from the circle which they influence, all knowledge of the real facts in the case. The truth is precisely what they are not looking for, and what, if possible, they mean to conceal. We, nevertheless, copy from the *Liberator* Mr. Thompson's letter, that those of his friends who have not already seen it may not want so potent a weapon of defence if ever called upon to use it. It is thus prefaced by Mr. Garrison:

It will be seen that the 'Refuge of Oppression,' in this week's Liberator, is chiefly occupied with articles culled from Southern journals, full of venom and fury against GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P., on account of his present transient visit to this country. To expose and refute—once for all—the absurd, false and malicious accusations brought against that distinguished friend of freedom, touching the object of his visit and the auspices under which he came, we feel justified in breaking the seal of private and confidential correspondence, and therefore publish the following letter, received by us from Mr. Thompson, in October last, which letter contained the first and only intelligence we received of his intention to visit the United States. How heavily his 'pockets are lined with British gold,' and what designs he has upon 'our glorious Union,' let this letter testify! We call upon those editors who desire to see justice done, to give this epistle an insertion in their columns.

The letter is as follows:

MATLOCK, Derbyshire, Eng., Oct. 8, 1850.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

Start not, when I announce to you that I have engaged a passage to Boston in the 'Canada' Mail Steamer, which sails from Liverpool on the 19th inst., and that, should no accident happen to me or the vessel, I hope to take you by the hand on or before the 1st of November.

Now for the objects I seek by this trip for the second time to the shores of the United States.

1. I have an ardent desire to revisit your country, and to renew my acquaintance with those who were my friends in 1835, and to become acquainted, also, with those who, since that eventful period, have become the friends and champions of the cause I advocated, and may therefore be disposed to give a not unfriendly reception to one, who, like yourself, was early in the field, and did not shun either the reproach or the danger to which Abolitionists were exposed during the reign of mob-supremacy. Believe me, it will be most refreshing to me to mingle with the whole-hearted reformers of your city, and of the old Bay State. I gave you some reason to expect me more than two months ago. My visit at that time, however, was impracticable. Parliament was not up, and when it did rise, some other engagements, as well as the state of my domestic affairs, prevented me from carrying my wish into fulfilment. I now think I see the possibility of my being absent for four months, without the disregard of any claims upon my time or labors in this country.

2. In addition to my desire to see you and the friends of our common cause, I have a project to carry out, of which America is the field. For some years before I entered Parliament, and at the time I entered it, I had been, and was, in the receipt of an income sufficient to meet all my wants, and to support the position to which I aspired. In less than three months after I became a legislator, that income wholly failed me, and for three years I have been supporting myself and my family upon that which I had hoped I should be able to leave behind me. I am now poor; but hopeful, with unimpaired mental energy, with a constitution yet sound and strong, and a character unassailable by any imputation of selfishness or corruption.

In these circumstances, my thoughts have been turned to the way in which I might, by honorable, independent and useful exertion, repair, in some degree, my shattered fortunes, and provide things honest in the sight of all men. It has occurred to me that, by a visit to the United States of America, at that season of the year when lectures are most in request, I might realize not only enough to pay my expenses, but something also to sustain me for a time after my return. I have, therefore, so far resolved to act upon this idea, as to engage a berth in the Canada, and shall try the experiment, if encouraged and aided by my personal friends in Boston. My visit, then, will be of a business character.

Were I alone in the world, I need not visit America to find the means to live. Could I bring myself to prostitute my talents to party purposes or base objects, I might live here and sustain those I love. Could I condescend to ask favors, I might perhaps find employment, and masters and dictators, as well as labor and its emoluments. I am *not* alone in the world—I cannot misuse my powers—I will not ask favors of those above me—and I am determined to preserve my independence and my freedom of action as long as I can. These circumstances have appeared to me sufficient to decide me on exporting myself, my lectures and my self-supporting project, to the shores of New England. I should be truly glad if I could land in Liverpool next spring with the reflection that I was master of enough to carry me over the session of Parliament, and keep the pot boiling at home, while I rebuked the minister from my seat, as the unpaid representative of the people.

Well, in the prospect of my being speedily with you, what do I ask of you as an old friend? First, that you will receive me as the friend who, when the road to fame and fortune was open to him at the bar of England, cast in his lot with you, and took joyfully his share with you in the perils of the old campaign. That you will believe me as warmly as ever the advocate of the cause of the slave. This, let the last refugee that has come to our shores testify. That you will not believe me a mercenary. I could sing in a garret, with a crust before me, if I had but myself to care for. That you will believe it is only the love of independence and of my family, and my desire to be, *here*, the incorruptible and *unpaid* advocate of the people, that makes me devise this scheme for putting money in my pocket. That you will not think the worse of me, because I do not come to throw myself, as I did before, into the Anti-Slavery Cause, *exclusively*; but to discourse on topics that will bring those to hear me who will not refuse to pay their 25 or 50 cents for the opportunity.—Finally, that you will aid my plan, I authorise you to communicate the contents of this letter to Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, and Edmund Quincy, and such others as you or they may see fit to take into your counsels. I authorize you to make it known, through the most convenient channels, that I shall be willing to give lectures, if invited to do so, on the terms of other foreign lecturers. I authorize you to arrange for my beginning to lecture within one week of my landing. I can remain with you till the last day of February. If careful, I shall be equal to three lectures a week, *in or out* of Boston. These I should like to be able to give, and not more; to be delivered in such places, and under such circumstances, as promise the best results.

Until I am with you, I cannot decide the topics of my lectures. All branches of Indian History—the rise and progress of the British power—the resources, condition and prospects of the country, &c., &c., I am familiar with. Lectures on the state of parties in England, the representative system, &c., &c., you may have for the asking. But of this, when I am on the spot.

While thus pursuing with ardor my own personal ends, think not I shall play the part of a *Reed*, a *Cox*, or a *Mathew*. If not committed already, *enough*, commit me again, until I shall not, even in the heel, be free from the baptism of ultra abolitionism; but at the same time, enter as a brother, a father, and a friend, into my object, and suffer me to accomplish the purpose upon which I have set my heart. If the first trip answers, you may see me annually: and I know not but I may lay my bones in the soil sanctified by the footprints of the Pilgrim Fathers.

I have been working very hard lately for the reform movement. The voyage will recruit me. Farewell till we meet.

My affectionate remembrances to all around you.

Yours, dear Garrison, ever most truly,
GEO. THOMPSON.

THE LONG SLAVE CASE.

HENRY LONG is still placed daily in the prisoner's box in our Courts, and still has board and lodging at the people's cost, in a public jail, because a fellow id Virginia who says that Long having already worke for him nearly all his life for nothing, is, on that account, "bound to service" to him for the rest of it on the same terms. The indisposition of the Judge has delayed the case from day to day, but the evidence is, at length, all given in, and the arguments of counsel were commenced on Tuesday.

We call attention to the Appeal in another column for the necessary funds to carry on this suit, the expense having necessarily been, thus far, unusually heavy. The appeal, we trust, will not be in vain. We do not like to believe that the friends of Freedom are more backward than the friends of Slavery. The Committee of Safety, appointed at the Castle Garden meeting, having stepped forward as the special champion and protector of the slave-catcher, Mr. Wood is retained as counsel in this case on their behalf. The friends of the slave, if less numerous, should not be less energetic, or zealous, and especially when much of their work is done gratuitously, the valuable services of Mr. Jay being so rendered.

We give below a report of the proceedings in the case during the past week:

Seventh Day.

At 11 o'clock the District Court opened for return of process, then adjourned *sine die*, and the Circuit resumed.

About 11½ o'clock, the Court inquired of Mr. Western if he desired to wait any longer for Mr. Wood. Mr. W. replied that word had been sent that Mr. Wood had started more than half an hour ago from his office, and it was desirable, if the Court would permit it, to wait a little longer. Mr. White remarked to Mr. W. that he supposed Mr. Wood was detained consulting with his clients, the Union Committee. Soon afterwards Mr. Wood entered, and the proceedings commenced.

Mr. Jay then read an affidavit signed by himself, setting forth the facts as to a warrant and proceedings before Charles M. Hall, claiming to be a Commissioner, of the proceedings before him, the issuing of a new warrant, and that Mr. Hall took jurisdiction of the case after issuing of said warrant, and the case was pending before Mr. Hall when it was suddenly withdrawn there, and brought into this Court.

Mr. Western objected to the affidavit being received, the matter having been decided yesterday, and the object is delay.

This was denied. Mr. White said he was not present yesterday when the proceeding was done in such hot haste. He contended that the proceedings being at this time under adjudication, the warrant issued by the Court was irregular and void, as it made the same case before two tribunals at the same time.

Judge J. said the counsel (Mr. Jay) stated that the case was still pending before the Commissioner, which was contradicted by the written statement of the Commissioner, that the proceedings before him had been discontinued before the issuing of the new warrant. I then decided, as I shall decide again, that the case was discontinued there. An experience of 30 years at the bar and 14 on the bench, shows me that proceedings may be discontinued in one tribunal, and commenced in another. The only question is whether it had been discontinued, and I so decide.

Mr. White said he was aware of the right to discontinue, but he was not aware, but supposed the contrary, that the facts had been presented to the Court yesterday.

Judge J. refused to hear either counsel further upon the subject, and said the case must proceed.

On the affidavit being shown to the Judge the latter remarked that the return says the second warrant was issued by a Judge of the Court—it should have been issued by the Circuit Court.

Mr. Western called Mr. Parker to the stand, when Mr. White objected to his testimony, as being an interested witness. The laws of Virginia, as shown by p 461 of the code of that State, section 4, say any person who shall arrest a slave who has run away, is entitled to a reward, when delivered to the owner or agent of the slave, or delivered to any jailor; and the latter, if delivered to him, shall advertise for the owner, and none appearing, it is the duty of the jailor to sell the party, and out of the proceeds pay the reward, which, arrested in a non-slaveholding State over 50 miles from where he is delivered, the reward is $100 and 10 cents a mile for mileage in going and returning. Mr. White handed the volume to the Court.

Mr. Western said they could settle that by the witness giving Mr. Smith a release. This was objected to by Mr. White, who contended that no person was here to receive the release; and to make a release good, there must be an acceptance as well as a delivery. Mr. Western said he was John Smith. Mr. White said the gentleman claimed so many aliases, he did not know what to say. Mr. W. made further remarks. The Court held that the delivery of a deed to a second party, in contemplation of law, to a third party, is a good delivery. The release was accordingly given to Mr. Western by Mr. P. for Mr. Smith and the testimony admitted.

William Smith, sworn. Acquainted with John T. Smith, of Russell county, Ky; knew the colored man here perfectly well; he is called Henry, sometimes Henry Long; saw him first at Mr. Smith's, about five years ago; he was a slave or servant acting as a slave; do not think there is a free colored man in Russell county; never saw one—there may be; I consented to hire Henry out if Dr. Smith would send him to me at Richmond, and he did so, a distance of 350 miles, in December, 1846; I was away at the time, and my brother received him, and made an agreement to hire him out to the Columbia Hotel as a waiter; I received his wages, and sent the money to Dr. Smith; he came to me to write letters to his mother and also to his wife; his wife did not reside in Russell county, but about 100 miles off, where Henry formerly resided; he remained at the Columbian Hotel a year; he was difficult to suit, and I did not get a situation for him till February; during January I got nothing from him but $9, which was for attending a man while the man was sick; I attended Henry sometimes when he was sick.

[A question was here asked, which Mr. Wood said might as well be now, tending to show by the declaration of Henry in Virginia whether or not he was a slave. It was objected to by Mr. White on the ground, as before Mr. Hall, that as the Fugitive Law prohibits his testimony being given in evidence here, and as a slave is prohibited from giving testimony in Virginia, his declarations cannot be given in evidence. Mr. Wood said thus far was to show his acts and the declarations constitute a part of those declarations. We intend also to give his declarations. Mr. Wood contended he had a right to do so.

The Court held that all declarations accompanying acts, can be admitted. As to declarations made unaccompanied by acts, I will admit them *nisi*, with a reservation to retain or exclude them as the law may require. In respect to the law of 1850, prohibiting the testimony of the alleged fugitive to be taken, that clause may have been inserted from a knowledge that in some, or at least one State, a person under indictment is permitted to give testimony in his own case which has been found to have been of deep injury to the prisoner himself.]

The witness continued—Hired him out to Haskins & Lebby's, in February. In Dec. 1848, went to their store and was told he had escaped; was referred to his wife (he had a wife also at Richmond) but could get no information of him there; advertised him; understood he was in New York, and came on; he was arrested at the Pacific Hotel, where was attending table; he afterwards said "there is no use in telling a lie about it;" that he knew me; I have no more doubt but he is the same man than I have of my own identity.

The witness, on his cross-examination, said he had never seen a title-deed or bill of sale, of Henry.

Dr. David Wade, sworn. Reside in Christianburgh, Va.; know Henry Long; he was a slave, the property of Mr. Anderson, whose daughter Dr. Smith married, and he inherited him; knew him as a boy and young man; it was in the town where I formerly lived; think Henry's mother is now living, a slave on the estate; an uncle of mine was guardian to the estate, and Henry belonged to the estate; the mother belongs to the estate, but she is old and superannuated and has not been divided; none of the heirs claim her; the estate maintains her; Henry was a weakly boy and allowed by his master to hire himself, and kept a confectionery or barber's shop; the Grand Jury was going to proceed against Dr. S. for permitting Henry to manage for himself; think Dr. S has owned him about 9 years, in right of his wife; I was taken into the room where Henry was a few mornings since, and he knew me; I am sure it is the same man, and could swear to him as if he were my own brother.

On cross examination witness said he had never seen title deeds or papers.; Henry was born on the estate; only know of his being a slave from understanding him to be so; all the time he kept confectionery he was not living with any woman; his wife was a slave; they are not allowed to leave; he also acted as barber; think he was hired out; it was in Christiansburgh; in 1845 or 1846 Mr. Anderson, a relative of deceased, acted for Dr. Smith, and received the profits of his work; saw him in C. about 1848; think Mr. Anderson died without a will; only think Mr. Anderson, agent, received money from Henry by what I have heard; he was one of the slaves partitioned off to Dr. Smith; Dr. S. went to Mississippi in 1840 or 1841, and took his slaves with him; understood Henry was among them; saw him on his return; The witness was asked what was ever the mode as to passing papers on the transfer of a slave, but the question was objected to.

Capt. Lamson testified, as before, to having seen Henry at Haskins & Lebby's, in Richmond, in Dec. 1846.

Capt. Couch, sailing between here and Richmond, testified to having seen him at Haskins & Lebby's.

Mr. Wood said they had another witness, a sea captain, who was examined before the Commissioner, but he had left, and they would rest.

Mr. Jay then rose and opened the case for defense, referring to the Constitution and the law of 1793, also to the Commentaries of Judge Story, &c; also stated a number of facts exhibiting the manner in which free colored persons are condemned to Slavery in certain parts of the South, the object being to show that the law of 1850 is different from that of 1793, which gave to a person claimed as a slave the right of appeal in the State to which he was carried, while the law of 1850 makes the certificate of the Commissioner final, and there is no redress in the State to which the party is conveyed. He also contended from Judge Story's remarks that the proof should be conclusive before a party is given up; also from the fact that many free colored persons are made, by the police regulations in many States, slaves, that the mere performing of duties as a slave was not proof of the party being one.—They would offer proof beside to show that Henry was in New York when he was said to be in Richmond.

Judge Judson here (it being 3 o'clock,) said he would take a recess for 15 minutes, being troubled with a disease in the throat. On returning he said he was too unwell to proceed, and the case was adjourned to Thursday at 10 o'clock.

—From Wednesday to Monday the case was postponed from day to day, as before stated, on account of the indisposition of Judge Judson.

On Monday, Judge J. having sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to proceed, the Court opened at 11 o'clock. The seats for spectators were well filled. The gallery seats were occupied by colored people.

The Judge stated that his indisposition arose much from the effects of a fall, from which he is not yet fully recovered.

Mr. Western said he wished to have this law fully tested. He denied the right of the defensive producing testimony. It is a summary proceeding. Contends it is nothing more than an inquest and not a full inquiry, so far as allowing witnesses to be brought up for defence. It is a mere inquest. The counsel for defence may cross-examine witnesses, but nothing more. This case is not to be governed by treason nor fanaticism nor public clamor. It is to be governed by the Constitution and the law. As to the rights of the fugitive himself, I will show that by the laws of Virginia he is not only permitted to establish his right to freedom there, if he is a freeman, but the District Attorney is directed to afford counsel gratis to a party in such a case. He would not stand here to be calumniated himself or permit the State of Virginia to be so. He compared it to a case where testimony only similar to that presented to a Grand Jury. It is for the Court to say whether the proof is satisfactory or not, if not it will then, call for testimony on the other side. The law says that the testimony of the fugitive himself shall not be permitted, and I take it to mean that no testimony either shall be permitted in his behalf—no opportunity afforded for false testimony—for the bringing in of the higher law, &c.

Judge. I think the term 'summary' distinguishes it from those where time, as in a civil suit, is given,—in ordinary cases, 12 and 6 days. The term means that the trial shall go on without delay.

Mr. Western read from Judge Story, in which Judge S. says, in the case of fugitives, it is only necessary for *prima facie* authority to satisfy the judgment of the Court. If this decision is carried out, no person will encounter the delay, and expense, and excitement, of several days' examination, and none will attempt to reclaim their slaves.

Mr. White presented a few words in reply. The Judge held to his opinion that the term summary is synonymous with forthwith, and admitted the testimony.

Mr. White said he would refer the Court to one or two remarks of Judge Grier on the subject. Mr. W. then read from the remarks of Judge G. in which the Judge states his opinion that the intention of the Act in not permitting the testimony of the alleged fugitive himself, was on the old principle of law, that a party should not testify in his own case; and I should not (Judge G. continues) have admitted the testimony of the party, even if the clause had not been in the Act. The Judge, however, expresses his surprise that any counsel should attempt to construe it to exclude testimony on the part of the defence.

Mr. White, after reading the passage, said he would give the gentlemen on the other side the benefit of the views, complimentary remarks and all.

Judge Judson said he had fully weighed the subject, and is satisfied that the word 'summary' intended to be synonymous with 'forthwith.' He would admit the testimony for defence.

Joseph W. Smith, a stout built mulatto man, sworn.—Have seen Henry Long, the man sitting here; saw him at Buck's Hall in Church-st. near Zion Church, in February, 1848; had seen him in New York some time before; saw him so in the middle of the year 1847; saw him from that to February, 1848, when I heard Buck call him by name a dozen or twenty times; a Society was instituted among the colored people of this city called the Independent order of Good Samaritans, a Temperance Society, and we received a charter from the Grand Lodge of New York, and we were desirous of presenting them some token of our gratitude for it; remember the circumstance of seeing Long at Buck's in February, 1848, from the fact that Buck had a very fine saloon; it was over his rum place, and I went to see him about it; I saw Henry in the bar room; Buck subscribed for the tribute we offered to the Grand Lodge; I have seen Henry at my Temperance Hall and at other places since; saw him in the Summer of 1847 on board a steamboat on the North River, where he appeared to be a waiter. [The testimony of the witness was similar to that on his examination before the Commissioner, already referred to.]

Elizabeth Dixon (young colored woman) sworn.—Knew Henry Long. He boarded with me. He commenced to board with me Nov. 1847, and continued till January or February, 1848. He worked while he boarded with me, part of the time alongshore and part of the time as waiter. My husband also worked down town. I have two children; one of them was born two years ago last March. Henry left my house in February. I was unable to board him any longer, expecting to be sick. [The testimony for claimant alleged Henry to have left Richmond two years ago.

Emeline Stansbury sworn, (also a young colored woman)—Know Henry Long; he came to my house to board in Jan. 1848; I gave him the paper here shown, the paper exhibited before the Commissioner in which she stated contract to board for $1 25 per week]; gave the paper to Mr. Long; he boarded with me two months; know the day he came to board with me, as my father-in-law went to California that day in the ship Tarlington, or some such name; his name was Peter McLeod; am sure Henry is the man that boarded at our house; he came to board with us from Mrs. Dixon's, in Elizabeth st.

The witness was asked to write a similar memo. to the other, which she did.

Lewis Tappan affirmed—The paper here shewn [that alluded to by last witness] was in possession of Henry Long. After his arr

From The Liberator.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON,

AT THE FANEUIL HALL BAZAAR, BOSTON.

Mr. Thompson, on rising, was received with reiterated cheers. These having subsided, he said: Ladies and Gentlemen—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, (loud laughter)—in Faneuil Hall, (laughter)—and in the midst of an Anti-Slavery Fair, I know not how I shall acquit myself. The experiment is a somewhat dangerous one, especially as I have brought no speech with me, and must trust to the moment for the utterance of such thoughts as may suggest themselves on the occasion. Looking around me, it appears probable that my difficulties to-night will be all from within, and not from without; for the space below the chandelier is very differently occupied now than when I last had the honor of standing on this spot. (Cheers.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I believe I am the only contraband article in this hall. (Laughter.) Every thing else is legitimate, according to the tariff of the United States; but a foreign abolitionist is a prohibited commodity in Boston. (Loud laughther.) We read in the sacred scriptures, that when our Savior was upon earth a certain community prayed him that he would depart out of their coast. I have heard learned divines say, it was because he suffered the devils to enter into the swine, who all ran violently down a steep hill into the sea, and were drowned; proving the truth of the saying, that the devil always drives his pigs to a bad market. (Loud laughter.) Perhaps it is for some such reason that the American pro-slavery community desire to get rid of me. Their dislike to me, I fully believe, does not originate in the fact of my being a foreigner; but because that, like the Gadarenes of old, they think their unholy traffic in slaves is in danger. (Great cheering.) Nothing is disliked here simply because it is foreign. Why! if every thing I see around me in this city, that is of foreign origin, or foreign *material* were to take to itself wings and flee away, you might almost advertise, 'Boston to let, unfurnished.' No, no it is not the foreigner that is hated, it is his doctrine; and were an angel straight from the throne of God to bring that doctrine here, there are those in Boston, and in every other part of this Union, who would mob the heavenly messenger as they have done me. (Cheers.)

Ladies and gentlemen, a man in my situation to-night ought to be able to make a good speech. The place, the cause, the circumstances, the audience, and all the adjuncts of the meeting, ought to inspire him. What are these inanimate objects around me? They are tokens of remembrance from a far-off country, and that country is my home. Here is something to remind me of romantic Scotland—its hills, its glens, its streams, and nobler far, its women, who have not forgotten the claims of three millions of slaves in this country.—Here is something to bring before me the Emerald Isle, and the zeal of the women of Dublin, and Cork, and Belfast, in the cause of human redemption from chattel bondage. Here, too, are many things to remind me of dear England, and of those her daughters, who never wearied in their work of mercy, until they had set free eight hundred thousand slaves in the colonial possessions of Great Britian. Every article on these tables beneath me, however insignificant its intrinsic value, hath a tongue, which speaks, not alone of present sympathy, but of past success in this most holy cause.—These offerings are the emblems of a great victory in the cause of the negro; they say to all here—'Be ye also faithful and unwearied in this labor of love, and you, like us, shall realize your reward, in the ultimate triumph of your cause.' [Loud cheers.] Are there those who affect to sneer at woman's toils in this gigantic enterprise? I tell them they have much greater reason to tremble than to scorn. It is not in the power of all the floods of southern rage, swelled by all the tributary streams of Northern subserviency and sycophancy, to quench the flame of woman's ardor in this work of faith. The daughters of the pilgrim fathers are not behind their sisters in Great Britian; and *they* forced a British minister of the Crown to declare, that they had spoken with a voice he could neither despise nor resist. (Cheers.) For twenty years I have watched the progress of this cause, and stand here to assert my conviction, that the work of emancipation in America, when achieved, will be less owing to statesmen, politicians and priests, than to women. [Cheers.] They have enlisted in this holy war, and they will not desert. By night and by day, in reproach and in renown, in peril and in praise, in gloom and in glory, they will remain steadfast and unflinching, until the now deceased and corrupted state of public sentiment is changed, and our sex has caught the holy contagion of their principles and purposes. [Great cheering.]

Liberal as have been the contributions of my countrywomen to this Fair, I feel assured they would have been much larger, but for the base and cruel arts of the intolerant pro-slavery clergy of this country. I know full well, that every stratagem which bigotry and malice could suggest, has been resorted to, to poison the minds and paralyze the energies of the people of England,—the women in particular,—against the cause of the slave here. [Cheers.] I do not scruple to proclaim it here in Boston, that a visit to our shores of one of your pro-slavery clergy is a calamity. [Cheers.] I pray that, until America shall cease to deny the Christian religion by holding the negro in bonds, no more of your negro-hating clergymen will go to Great Britian. [Loud cheers.] An anti-abolitionist American minister of religion is a moral pestilence in England.—(Great applause.) His office and rank obtain for him admission into the society of the benevolent and the good; and the return he makes for the hospitality shown to him is, to misrepresent and malign the self-sacrificing friends of the oppressed in this country.—These wicked proceedings have been partially successful; but, thank God! this Hall contains the evidences that there are those who have been proof against the drawing-room whisperings of these calumniators.—(Loud cheers.) Should I live to return I will not fail to do my best to supply the antidote to these falsehoods. The people of England shall know where these backbiters stand when at home, and full justice shall be done, both to them, and to those they have sought to injure. [Great cheering.]

Let me offer one remark in passing. Nothing can be done in this cause without the most inflexible adherence to principle. There must be no compromise. For twenty years, there was a society in England for the mitigation and gradual abolition of colonial Slavery. It was a highly respectable association. It had a member of the royal family,—the late Duke of Gloucester.—for its patron. Mr. Wilberforce was its President. On its committee were Clarkson, and Brougham, and Stephen, and Macaulay, and Denman, and Lushington and a host of other illustrious names. At the end of twenty years of effort in the cause of mitigation, the horrors of Slavery were greater than ever, and the only prospect of a gradual abolition was through the entire immolation of the negro population, who were diminishing under the wasting influence of the infernal system. At length, a few fanatics resolved to demand immediate emancipation, as the duty of the master, and the right of the slave. (Cheers.) I had the honor to be one of those sent forth to preach this doctrine. Throughout the breadth of the country, I proclaimed that slaveholding was man-stealing, and that Slavery was sin, under all existing, or supposible, or possible circumstances, and could not but be sin; since for man to claim property in man was to usurp the authority of the Eternal Ruler of the Universe, and by dethroning Jehovah, to be guilty of practical Atheism of the blackest kind. I preached that Slavery was the crime of crimes, and ought *therefore* to be instantly, unconditionally, totally, and forever abolished. (Loud cheers.) God gave his blessing to the preaching of this doctrine—the great heart of England responded—an electric shock went through the land, and the lightning of British indignation smote the guilty system to its utter fall and perpetual ruin. (Cheers.) I declare the same doctrine here in Faneuil Hall. (Cheers.) I ask not the permission of Mr. President Millard Filmore or Mr Secretary Daniel Webster to preach it, for I have the command of the ever living God, who laid the foundations of the Rocky Mountains, to declare it throughout all the realms over which his sceptre extends.—[Loud cheering.]

Am I told I am a foreigner? I look upwards, and I say, there sits your Sovereign as well as mine, and he says, 'Let the oppressed go free.' (Cheers.) Am I pointed to Mason and Dixon's line, and to the Compromises of the Constitution? I answer, 'I see no such lines on the map of God's dominions. I see no such compromises in the imperishable Constitution which God has promulgated for the moral government of the world.' (Renewed applause.) I will not insult my Maker so much as to ask of any human being permission to vindicate the authority of the Most High, or to denounce so outrageous a crime as that of American Slavery. On whatever spot of earth I stand, I will denounce robbery as robbery, tyranny as tyranny, atheism as atheism—boundaries, constitutions, laws, compromises, to the contrary notwithstanding. What have I to do with thee? Let those look after them that made them. [Loud applause.] O, who can insult an American half so much as an American insults his country, when he tells me that I may preach liberty all over the world but here? (Cheers.) Talk of my abusing the institutions of America! Why, the worst things ever said in the Old World against your nation are compliments compared with what your newspapers say of you every morning. They tell you that the cohesion of these mighty commonwealths, from Maine to California—the stability of this glorious and matchless Union—the very existence of the freest and most powerful government that ever existed on the face of the earth, depends upon your driving from your doors, at midnight, in a New England winter, the trembling, shivering fugitive who asks, in the name of Christ, to be permitted to thaw his frozen limbs at your fireside, and to lay down his wearied body on your hardest couch. (Rapturous cheers.) Did the vilest panderer to despotism even invent a libel a millionth part so severe—a sarcasm a millionth part so scorching—or utter a truth a millionth part so withering and blasting as that which you are compelled to read every time you take up one of your newspapers? Yet such is the fact; you know it to your shame and humiliation. You might have allowed your enemies to rail on, and have despised their calumnies, had you been true to your own principles; but you have rendered it utterly impossible for the most virulent and malignant hater of America to say anything so hard of you as that which Mr. Webster utters whenever he gets up to make a Union speech, or to defend the Constitution. (Cheers.)

Ladies and gentlemen—While I cannot but regard all who defend Slavery as conspirators against liberty, and the more guilty if they profess republican politics, I must confess that there is one class of your community which I regard with unutterable loathing, and whose conduct fills me with a feeling of indignation that I can not restrain, but cannot adequately express; that class is the pro-slavery clergy of the country generally, and the pro-slavery clergy of your city in particular. When I was here, fifteen years ago, your clergy held that the topic of Slavery was unsuitable for the pulpit. They were all opposed to Slavery, but to read an Anti-Slavery notice, or make an Anti-Slavery prayer, or give their churches for Anti-Slavery meetings—still more, to preach Anti-Slavery sermons—would be to introduce an extraneous subject—one quite foreign from the uses of the building, and the functions of the minister of religion. On returning here, I find things, with a few noble exceptions, in the same state. But mark the consistency of these men. The Sharps and Rogers, who are so jealous of the sanctity of their pulpits that they will on no account allow them to be desecrated by the delivery of an Anti-Slavery discourse, no sooner hear that the President has signed a law requiring the citizens of Massachusetts to return fugitive slaves, than, turning their backs on Mount Sinai, and bowing their heads in the direction of Washington—flinging humanity and hospitality behind their backs—they preach sermons enjoining upon their neighbors the doing of that which Henry Clay would scorn to do. Yes, these reverend gentlemen lean over their cushioned desks, and discourse to their flocks upon the beauties of kidnapping and slave-catching. (Loud cheers.) I have compelled myself to read Dr. Sharp's sermon, from the Text, 'Put them in mind to be ready to every good work.' And what is this '*good work*'? It is the good work of catching Christ, in the person of a panting, palpitating slave, and sending him back to the pandemonium of Slavery. O, the forbearance of God, that suffers such men to profane his holy name, and blaspheme his pure and infinitely benevolent religion! (Cheers.) The Jews had a city of Refuge for the guilty, blood-stained homicide, but this Reverend Christian Dr. Sharp would have the fugitive negro, who has swam rivers, scaled mountains, waded through swamps, encountered wild beasts, braved and escaped the bowie knife and the rifle, and has gained at last the city of Boston, dragged hence, and hurled back to Slavery, to be tortured for his manhood—to be scourged for his intrepidity—and sold to the far South, as a punishment for throwing himself upon the generosity of the North! And this, with his hand upon the Bible, he tells his congregation, is 'putting them in mind to be ready to every good work.' He talks of Slavery as an abstraction, in terms of regret and disapprobation, but he says, when he comes to speak of men-stealers, 'In what I say, I would have it *understood*, that I discriminate between *Slavery* and multitudes of EXCELLENT PERSONS who are the *holders* of slaves.' *Excellent* persons! What son of a pilgrim sire would not obey such excellent persons rather than God? Who could think of disobliging them, when they only ask you to do that, for which, when Judas had done it, he went out and hanged himself? Dr. Sharp expresses a sort of roundabout sorrow that such a case should be in the Constitution, as that which requires the return of the fugitive slave. He says, 'I regret its existence, but there it is.' How very composed! 'There it is.' And then, to cap the climax, he says, 'This country is the New Canaan, the Land of Promise; but it will be a Canaan no longer than the laws are obeyed, RIGHT OR WRONG.' These are his very words. The boldest blasphemer that ever defied the Omnipotent to do his worst could utter nothing more immoral or more traitorous against the authority of God. And this man is an Englishman. Thank God, he does not pollute English ears with such daring impiety! (Loud applause.)

Dr. Sharp has a worthy coadjutor in the Rev. Mr. Rogers, (another recreant Englishman,) who tells his congregation that the morality which teaches that it would 'be wrong' to return the fugitive, and that it is 'sinful' to obey an unrighteous law, is an 'infidel Christianity,' and that 'when counsel is asked of God, he gives no such answer.' And these men are 'foreigners;' but are they mobbed in Boston? No. Does State street hire a dissolute horde to break into their meeting-houses and prevent them from being heard? No. Do the newspapers of Boston denounce them? On the contrary, they allow them to publish their sermons, from their own manuscripts, in their columns, and strike off 'Extras,' to give them additional dissemination.

Among all the living spectacles of human inconsistency and national depravity and guilt, there is not one so glaring as that which is exhibited by the United States at the present moment. It was once my fate to see a hunt in England. There was a pack of wide-mouthed, hungry hounds; some fifty or sixty red-coated men, mounted on fleet steeds; as many more in various costumes, on cattle of all qualities; and the horses, hounds and men were all in pursuit—over hedge and ditch, hill and dale—of a poor flying deer, whom they hoped to come up with and destroy. I thought it the most absurd, ridiculous, and at the same time cruel sport I had ever witnessed. But what do I behold *here*? Yonder is a woman pressing her infant to her bosom, and flying from Slavery. She cannot endure the thought that her little one should suffer the horrors of that demoniacal system which has cursed this country. She is pursued. She has escaped the fangs of the trained blood-hound, and has reached the soil of what is called a FREE State (what mockery of the word!) but is she safe? No. Her real perils have just begun. In the slave State, she had but to elude the overseer of the plantation, and the negro-catcher and his dogs; but now, a very different pack is at her heels. Bostonian Americans! behold the chase! There flies one of God's and America's children, hunted for more than life. Who are those who are yelling upon her track? They are United States *Commissioners*; United States *Marshals*; United States *Judges*; United States *Militia*; a United States *Secretary of State*, in the person of the 'godlike' Daniel Webster; United States *Lawyers*, in the persons of the Choates, and Curtises, and Halletts of your own Bar; United States *Troops*, and the United States *Navy*! And who is the grand huntsman, to cheer on and direct the movements of the pack? He is Millard Fillmore, the President of this glorious Republic; who threatens with fine and imprisonment all who dare to give a cup of cold water to the panting, sinking wretch, or who allows her to shelter herself for an hour in his stable or his barn. Bringing up the rear are the *Clergy* of the United States; and Dr. Sharp's voice is heard among them, saying of the agonized mother and her child, (I quote his very words,) 'They are only known as *property*, not as *human beings*, having the rights or laws of free persons.' Turn out, then, citizens of Boston, says the Doctor, and join the hunt; for it is my duty to put you in mind to be 'ready to 'EVERY GOOD WORK.' The voice of the Rev. Mr. Rogers, too, is heard, saying—'If you think it *sinful*, or even *wrong* to return the fugitive, your Christianity is *an infidel Christianity*, and you have not taken counsel of God.' Dr. Orville Dewey, too, is heard, proclaiming—[I quote from the reverend gentleman's words, as reported in the Boston papers]—'If we do not return the fugitive, there is AN END to *Slavery*, an end to *peace*, an end to the *Union*'!

Say not that I have been guilty of misrepresentation. I have cited correctly the words uttered by American divines in your own city; and I will also give you the words of your own Chief Magistrate, in his letter to Mr. Collins, the person who claimed Ellen and William Crafts. Hear the President of these United States:

'Whenever the laws of the United States shall be opposed, or the execution thereof shall be obstructed, in any State by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by powers vested in civil officers, it will be his duty to call forth the MILITIA, and use the ARMY and NAVY, for the purpose of overcoming such forcible combinations against the laws.'

And is it for America to spit at Kings, and denounce Emperors, and abuse every Government that is not republican in its form? I am told of the love of liberty that reigns in the heart of every American. Who ever doubted that the American loved liberty? Who does not love it? There is not a man now confined in Leverett street jail who does not love liberty, and who would not joyfully regain it, if he could.

'O, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who could be hurt his bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?'

Is it peculiarly the merit of a citizen of these States to love liberty? Is there any noble virtue in the love of liberty? Satan loved it when he fell down from Heaven. The virtue consists in giving it to others, not in loving it for ourselves. (Prolonged cheers.) But what shall we say of those who talk of their own love of liberty so boastingly, and are constantly telling the world that

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,'

and are at the same time the most ruthless of all slaveholders on the face of the globe? (Great applause.)—Judging of the value of liberty by the American's own estimate of it, what is the measure of his guilt, when he conspires with others to rob three millions of his equals of the precious gift? [Cheers.] I tell him from the rostrum of Old Faneuil Hall, that he is the basest despot that was ever permitted to poison God's free air with the breath of his hypocritical eulogies upon the value and blessings of freedom. I would tell Daniel Webster so, if he were here, and challenge him to show by what right a single negro is held in chains upon this soil. [Prolonged cheers.] Am I told that the Constitution sanctions the system, and therefore it is holy, and just, and right? Why, then, all I can say is, that the Constitution is an inscrutable curse. Then is chattel Slavery,—held in all the world besides to be an institution founded and upheld by robber-right,—alone made legal, sacred and perpetual, by the Constitution of a people, that call themselves the freest community on the earth. God save mankind from a second calamity of the same sort! and God give strength to his servants, to brand such a Constitution as the greatest outrage ever committed against the laws of Heaven, or the liberties of our race? [Cheers.]

My friends, I hear it said that the agitation against Slavery must and shall be put down; and that there is a counter agitation going on for that purpose. I know not what to think of the men, who, knowing the stuff of which New England souls are made, tell their brethren of the South, what they must be convinced is sheer moonshine. [Cheers.] Crush the spirit of Anti-Slavery! Who ever heard of such a thing before? No, Mr. Webster; no man knows, better than yourself, that you might as well attempt to catch the first rays of the morning; or bind the powers of electricity and the sweet influences of the Pleiades; or loose the bands of Orion; or prevent the needle from pointing to the North Pole; or any other impossible thing as to put down Anti-Slavery. (Cheers.) You may catch a slave or crush an abolitionist. You may imprison a CHAPLIN, or murder a LOVEJOY; but you have not conquered the *idea*; nor will all the troops and clergymen you can summon to your aid enable you to arrest, still less to bind in chains, the idea which has taken possession of the souls of these women around me, whom, in your pride of place, you affect to deride. Mr. Webster! you know this, and you have said it. I appeal from Webster at Washington, in 1850, to Webster in Niblo's Saloon, in 1837—from Webster, the Compromiser, to Webster when he declared himself free to speak on this subject, without the caution of a diplomatist, and without the ambiguity of an 'inaugural.' You understood the Anti-Slavery movement then, and you made your audience understand it. You told the world; thirteen years and more ago, that it was not a question of *politics*; but one that had struck a far deeper chord—even the religious feeling of the country. You supposed a man foolish and insane enough to trifle with or despise that feeling; and you described him as a *rash* man, little conversant with human nature, who had formed a very erroneous estimate of the people of this country. You then declared that 'to attempt to coerce this feeling into silence, or to endeavor to restrain its free expression, would be indeed to endanger the safety of the Constitution, and of the Union itself.' There spoke the Philosopher, the Statesman and, the Patriot. There spoke Mr. Webster, standing by the Cradle of the Anti-Slavery Hercules. Does he think that, after thirteen years of growth, and exercise, and experience, and wisdom, this child of the storm and the whirlwind can be trifled with and despised with more impunity than when in its swaddling clothes? Mr. Webster! at the expense of your heart, we must hold your intellect guiltless of such folly. We will draw strength, and hope, and confidence from the words you uttered when at your best estate. We will take your portrait of Abolitionism, drawn at a time when no Southern man was permitted to mix the colors, and when no Presidential Chair terminated the vista down which your eye wandered.

My friends, I perceive that a grand combination is being formed against you, under pretence of preserving the Union. I know not how this Union movement strikes you; but to me as a looker-on, it appears a very shallow artifice to put down abolition, and secure Southern support to some particular Northren political project. Be that as it may, I confess I cannot see the special danger to which the Union is exposed, if the abolitionists be deserving of the contempt with which certain distinguished statesmen profess to treat them. How they can, at one and the same time, be a miserable, small, uninfluential knot of deluded or traitorous men and women, and a body whose numbers menace the integrity of your federation, I know not. I shall not presume to speculate upon this topic, but will take the liberty of mentioning a very interesting letter, which I have lately read in the public prints, addressed by Mr. Joel R. Poinsett to the citizens of South Carolina. I suppose it is intended as a set off to a disunion message from the Governor of the Palmetto State. In this letter, Mr. Poinsett says:—

'We are told that the remedy for these evils is to be sought for in revolution—for what is secession but revolution? * * * It is true, that if Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Mississippi and Texas were to form a confederacy, and agree to secede, there might be no opposition for a time. But many of those States form but the entrance and portico to the great edifice reared in the West. How long would the inhabitants of that mighty structure endure the privations they must suffer, if their ingress and egress were in the hands of foreigners? Would they permit Louisiana to be the ally of some maratime powers that might occupy New Orleans, and harass the internal commerce of the Mississippi valley? I think not. No line can be drawn that will not involve questions of boundary and right only to be settled by the last appeal, and this country would soon exhibit the miserable aspect of the Spanish American States. Besides, such a confederacy would present no barrier against the attacks of the Abolitionists of all the world. The sympathies of civilized Europe are against our institutions, and if they be not protected by the Constitution and the much despised Union, our slaves would not be worth ten years' purchase.'

'Under the lead of South Carolina, such a confederacy will never be created. We are unfortunately not renowned for our wisdom and prudence, and our invitations and our taunts will be alike in vain to drive our sister States into measures of violence for the past—what the future may bring forth, time will show.'

'If there are any among us so wild as to think of separate State action, to them I would say, that they mistake violence for strength. Let them examine the map and consult the census, and they will see our relative weakness, and understand with what ease South Carolina might be prevented from inflicting any injury, except upon herself.

But I will not pursue this humiliating theme; it is improbable that such a measure will be resorted to. It would be as absurd as for one to throw himself from a precipice in the expectation of injuring his enemy in the fall.'

I shall offer no comments upon these opinions, which speak for themselves. They are the views of one who knows the strength and resources of the Southern States, and are well worthy of consideration.

I have in these remarks spoken plainly, but with every desire for the true welfare of this country. May the abomination I have condemned be soon extirpated! Then shall peace go hand in hand with freedom, and the exhaustless energies of this mighty people be devoted, not only to the maintenance of their own independence, but also to the advancement of liberty throughout the world.

Mr. Thompson resumed his seat amidst the loudest cheers.

Domestic Correspondence.

Letter from J. A. Foster.

FRIEND GAY: 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' Truth is rapidly progressing; an upheaval of the masses is every where observable, and the soul-crippling dogmas of the past are daily dwindling into insignificance. Corruption forged chains for the mind, and despotism employed them with hellish delight. Conscience was a wayward thing that nothing but the dungeon and fagot could subdue and suitably punish. Liberty was the privilege that pampered villainy enjoyed to indulge damning animalism, or minister to the blackest depravity, while the commonality was to gaze with stupid eyes, and cry with parrot-tongues, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' The Bible was the manufactory where straight jacket creeds were made to order, and priests were forged at the becks of despotism. The church was the department for issuing patents, improvements and designs for fettering conscience, perverting piety, and rendering Earth a pandemonium under the control of swarming infernals that gave peace and heaven to the base panderers of iniquity. Christianity was the second edition, revised and improved, of the magna charta of Tartarus, that required thumb screws and the racks to make converts, and the combined energy of embodied and disembodied demons to carry forward its diabolical designs. Heaven was the home of black-hearted priesterafft, and its cringing devotees, some of whom might need the warping of Purgatory to give them the required shape. God was the author of their Bible, the founder of their Christianity, whose residence was in their heaven, and whose character appeared to the greatest possible advantage in popes, cardinals and smaller fry. But, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." Link after link of the chain of corruption has been broken; the corner stone of despotism has been driven from its time-honored resting place; the true character of God and the nature of his government daily become more apparent; and, as might have been anticipated, humanity is sweeping gloriously forward to the equality, fraternity and piety of which man is so richly susceptible. The transition period of mind and morals, of which the present forms the last chapter, is deeply interesting, and constitutes an epoch in the world's history that mankind will not willingly let die. We may not always be able to tell when sloughing commenced, but in the latter stages of convalescence the contrast will exhibit the ordeal passed, though it is unable to give well defined data. So we have had the past, and we now have the present, and the contrast will give a picturesque view of the long and successful struggle of humanity for its inherent rights. And though all contended for has not been gained yet, the trophies of hopeful progress are heart-cheering, inducing every friend of his race to rush anew into the conflict. The embarrassment of the past is swept away, and liberty of speech is ours. A splendid acquisition. Conscience no longer is the whining whelp of sin, ready at any moment to be flogged into submission, but the guardian angel of humanity that frowns upon corruption and bids defiance to despotism, pointing man to the true dignity of which he is susceptible, encouraging him to consecrate all to God and humanity. Liberty has ceased to be the deceptive cant of cloven-footed aristocracy that rode booted and spurred over crushed humanity, regardless of groans and tears, and has become the Eureka of the down-trodden, and the palladium of justice. Echoing from hill to dale may be heard "Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed," whether he be white or black. Freedom is the boon of the race, taught by a free Bible, urged by a 'free salvation,' and upheld by the God of liberty. The Bible no longer teaches the dark, damning lessons of other days; it refuses to sanction the unbaptized creeds of corruption; it denies license to the minions of sin; it repudiates every vestige of compromise; and knows no creed but truth, and teaches no reason but right. It contends that its language is so simple, its spirit so unmistakeable, that the humblest need not err. It claims that no labored commentary, no platform, no conventicle, is requisite to solve the inquiry, "What is truth?" that God has not left his will to the mercy of moral freebooters, to dispose of human destiny as might suit their perverted tastes. The church, too, has had the scalpel applied, and renovation has long been the order of the day. And if we must yield to the notion of infallibility, it can no longer be concealed that it is the infallibility of black-hearted despotism—"the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The watch-word of "regular succession" has become stale and offensive. To be the eldest born of corruption is an honor not to be coveted; and the renown of fashioning public opinion to the wishes of bloated aristocracy is hourly becoming more loathsome. Professions of piety, submission to given ordinances, subscribing to prescribed creeds, no longer constitute the Christian, or unite men with the true Vine. Now, "whosoever doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven, the same is my brother, my sister and my mother;" "by their fruits ye shall know them." Now the plenipotents of heaven are those who minister at the altar of right, whose creed is truth, whose mission is the redemption of the race, whose benevolence is to 'do unto others as ye would they should do unto you;' who, indeed, exhibit the power of God to save. They "persuade," not compel; they "beseech," not denounce; they regard man as a "brother," not as a menial; they consider the Christian of "the household of faith," though he may widely differ from them. Christianity, to merit our confidence, must be a transcript of the Divine mind; it must breathe the atmosphere of purity; it must enter the abodes of poverty, and clothe its inmates with sunshine; it must descend to the haunts of despotism, "break every chain and let the oppressed go free;" it must "go into all the world" and preach free, personal, social, ecclesiastical and political salvation "to every creature." It is, indeed, to urge every man to possess the "mind that was in Christ"—pure, liberal and expansive. Heaven is but the continuance of present holiness, under more favorable circumstances; open alike to rich and poor, white and black, learned and ignorant. "Whosoever will may come." God is the home of peace, purity, freedom and redemption. "They that dwell in love dwell in God." Thank God and take courage. Mankind will be redeemed. "The gates of hell" can not prevail against truth.

Yours, J. A. FOSTER.

Cleveland, Dec. 29.

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 19th, 1850.

DEAR GAY:—I am here at last. Things pass so vilely before my eyes, it is difficult for this *spell-bound* tongue of mine to ejaculate. The change is so sudden so unexpected, that I can hardly believe my senses. Though not a chattel personal, yet socially, civilly, politically and religiously bound down in fetters equally as galling as that of Slavery in the United States itself. I feel for once in my life though under a foreign flag—a man, indeed! This is strange talk for a man of my age, just completed my *forty-fourth* year the day I landed on British soil, and the father of seven children, to talk of my manhood as a thing just having an existence; but so it is, and more shame for my color-hating country. Oh! my country, my country, with all thy faults I love thee none the less. O, if I could wash out the foul blot of the iniquitous system of Slavery with my tears, fain would I do it. I would lay down my life if I could with my last gasp, rid my country of this damnable sin! But enough of this for he present. British hospitality is doing the work of moral and social regeneration. One thing I know, yea two, in my own country—according to the letter and spirit of the Fugitive Slave Bill I am a—THING, but here according to British magnanimity I am a MAN.

That modern *Nero* of American Republicanism, Millard Fillmore, still threatens to *enforce* (what I myself for one had supposed, in his approval, was an error of the head and not of the heart) the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its provisions to the fullest extent—the fullest extent—a la Webster; and what is more surprising to me is, that he regrets that mere newspaper reports are not sufficient grounds for him to redress the wrongs of William and Ellen Crafts, but I hope they are beyond the reach of the bloodhounds by this time. Wm. Rathbone, Esq., one of the warmest friends of the slave that lives, tells me they are on their way to England.

So the Whigs have met with a signal defeat at the fall elections all over the country. They have met their deserts which they richly deserve. Poor Whigs and Whig President are both in the *suds*. For the work they have done, one would have thought that the salvation of the Whig party was accomplished when Millard Fillmore shed the last drop of——Northern conscience when he signed the Fugitive Slave Bill.—What have the Whigs gained by the Clay Compromise? What have Northern dough-faces gained by surrendering their consciences and the cause of human rights into the hands of Southern despots? Nothing but disgrace, the execrations and political damnation of all parties; so might it be with all who trample on God's poor. In a few words, dear Gay, let me assure you that I am now convinced beyond a doubt, that a dissolution of the Union is inevitable; that I am ready to go as far as the next man in the Anti-Slavery ranks for a Dissolution of the American Union.

You see the state of this letter, written and blotted in a hurry for want of time. I beg you, excuse these imperfect lines, and believe me to be yours for the right and against the wrong,

WILLIAM P. POWELL.

Miscellaneous Items.

——TOBACCO.—Rev. John Pierpont recently delivered a lecture against the use of tobacco, at Boston. It is described as having been an eloquent and witty production.

——THE enormous sum of two hundred and seventeen millions of dollars has been paid, or is to be paid, as the cost of the late war with Mexico.

——THE Tishemingo (Mississippi) *Democrat* says that disunion, secession, nullification, and all kindred measures, find small favor in Tishemingo. The masses of Tishemingo are directly opposed to them, one and all. If the State of Mississippi will secede, it will have to bid farewell to Tishemingo, for it will not go out with it.

——THE Belfast *Republican Journal*, in noticing the recent sale of Daniel Webster's wines, says;

"The 'Constitution,' imported by himself, a choice brand, sold very high. A bottle of the 'Constitution' was the height of the ambition of all. Webster always expounded the Constitution in small lots, and to suit purchasers."

——A MAN SHOT.—At Parksburgh, Pa. on Saturday evening, 14th inst. Hiram Maginnis, a woodsawyer, was shot and badly, but not fatally, injured by some person unknown. Suspicion rests against a negro named Lewis, whom Maginnis had charged with being a slave, and had also threatened to inform on him and have him sent back to Slavery. The affair created intense excitement in Parksburgh.

——A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* wants to know who pays Adam Gibson for his enforced detention in Philadelphia and conveyance as a prisoner and a slave to Elkton, Md.—also who paid the officers' expenses for taking him on—and, whether Mr. Commissioner Ingraham pockets $10 or $5 for his decision that Gibson was Emery Rice, and therefore remanding him into Slavery.

——THE TRADE OF BOSTON WITH CUBA AND HAYTI.—The *Boston Traveller* says of the trade of the West India Islands with Boston, next to Cuba comes the Island of Hayti. During the year 1850, 289 vessels arrived here from ports in Cuba, and 145 from ports in Hayti. The largest number from any other West India Island was from St. Martin's, 29; and the total number from all the West India Islands, save Cuba and Hayti, was 98, or 47 less than from Hayti alone. This shows conclusively the value of the trade of Hayti to this country, and how much interest we have in the continuance of peace upon the Island.

——RELEASE OF MR. CHAPLIN.—Mr. Chaplin was on Thursday last, released from the jail of Montgomery Co., Maryland, $19,000 bail having been entered for his appearance at Howard District Court to stand his trial on the charge of having resisted the Washington slave-hunters who tracked him across the Maryland line. He had previously given bail in the sum of $6,000 to appear for trial in the District of Columbia, on charge of aiding in the escape of slaves. Mr. C. was in Philadelphia on Saturday evening, on his way home.

——FUGITIVE SLAVE RECOVERED.—The Memphis (Tenn.) *Southerner*, of the 10th instant, says: "Captain B. O'Havre, of our City Police, recently took a trip to Marion, Williamson county, Illinois, to arrest a fugitive slave belonging to Dr. Young of this city. He succeeded, after much difficulty and heavy expense, in bringing the negro home to his master. He had all the papers, and more than the fugitive slave law requires, yet he experienced considerable difficulty in arresting the slave." The officer encountered the most determined opposition from the Free Soilers and Abolitionists, but was assisted by Mr. W. Allen, member of Congress, and other gentlemen.

——DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER COMET.—We understand that last evening, at about 7 1-2 o'clock, Mr. Bond, the Director of the Cambridge Observatory, whilst sweeping with the Great Refractor, discovered a very faint nebulosity, whose Right Ascension was 22h. 33 1-2m., and its South Declination 4 deg. 36'. The Comet was so faint that it could not be seen through a four foot telescope.—*Boston Trav.*

——ATTEMPT TO ABDUCT A SLAVE BY A WHITE WOMAN.—We saw yesterday a rather queer sight at the jail in this city. It was nothing less than a strapping negro man, whose complexion is a daguerreotype of night itself, dressed up in woman's clothes. He was in one apartment, while, in another, we saw his traveling companion—a not very pretty, but decent enough looking white woman. The account which the negro man gives of himself is, that he belongs to a Mr. McCauley, in Orange county, North Carolina; that he was induced by the white woman to leave his master, and accompany her as far as Washington, in the dress of a woman; that they had succeeded in getting as far as the junction of the Richmond and Fredericksburg and Louisa roads, when they were informed that the negro could go no further without a pass. As the negro had no pass, the couple had to retrace their steps in the return train to Richmond, and thence traveled on through this place to Gaston, where the conductor, suspecting something wrong, prevented their going further, and brought them to this place and lodged them in jail. The negro, who says his name is Abraham, seems to be quite intelligent, and by no means dejected at the failure of his attempt to elope.—*Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer.*

RECEIPTS FOR THE STANDARD.

From December 1, 1850 to January 1, 1851.

558	A. P. Whiting, Mellenville, N. Y.	$ 2 00
578	Joseph Allen, Syracuse, N. Y.	2 00
572	Daniel Carmichael, Binghampton, N. Y.	2 75
559	Jacob Pratt, North Easton, N. Y.	1 00
583	F. Purdy, Magadore, O.	2 00
574	Y. Stanley, Winchendon, Mass.	1 00
572	Pliny Sexton, Palmyra, N. Y.	2 00
584	R. Owen, Conewango, N. Y.	6 00
576	Wm. A. Chamberlain, Gaylord's Bridge, Ct.	2 00
578	A. D. Green, Williamsburgh, N. Y.	2 00
564	A. Chandler, Concord, N. H.	2 00
608	Townsend Cook, Elba, N. Y.	3 00
634	J. B. Swanton, Bath, Me.	2 00
572	H. Dow, Portland, Me.	2 00
572	Wm. Eddy, New-Bedford, Mass.	4 00
546	S. Brierly, Enfield, Mass.	3 00
573	C. Stebbens, South Wilbraham, Mass.	2 00
572	Thomas Fisher, De Ruyter, N. Y.	4 00
521	Mrs. P. Ware, Medfield, Mass.	5 00
572	C. F. Winslow, Nantucket, Mass.	2 00
562	J. G. Neil, Skowhegan, Me.	8 00
581	Seymour Coe, Oswego, N. Y.	4 00
568	P. Sherman, Milton, N. Y.	2 00
576	Asa Fairbanks, Providence, R. I.	4 00
563	E. Paine, East Brewster, Mass.	2 00
555	A. Wetherbee, North Adams, Mass.	1 00
550	Reuben Deyo, New Paltz Landing, N. Y.	1 66
535	J. C Brown, Xenia, O.	1 00
503	Frederick Hover, Richmond, Ind.	2 00
573	D. Hughes, Hampton, Ct,	2 00
592	H J. Latham, Seneca Falls, N. Y.	5 00
577	Mary Dickinson, Chagrin Falls, O.	5 00
575	George B Farnsworth, New York City,	1 00
577	Isiah Francis, Bristol, N. Y.	2 00
594	T. Downing, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
604	Catharine H. Spear, Plymouth, Mass.	2 00
572	Rev. Nathaniel Hall, Dorchester "	3 00

Poetry.

For The Standard.

THE STAR AND THE GILIA.

Softly fanned with the plumes of a gentle unrest,
A Gilia swayed on its stem;
The dew nightly gleamed on its tremulous breast;
Apollo peered in, and begged a bright crest,
His halo, 'twould wear, as a gem.

The Gilia looked up with its mild, azure eye,
All moist with the tear-drops of Night;
It saw, through the oft-shifting clouds of its sky,
A star looking down from a far home on high,
An ever-pure watch-fire of light.

The rays from its centre were true to that star,
It obeyed not the warm, pleading sun;
The lithe leaves beneath twined into a car,
Protected its spirit, and bore it afar,
Where the bright and the lowly are one. C.

Milvale, N. Y, Dec. 1850

For The Standard.

TO GERRIT SMITH.

Suggested by witnessing the deep gratitude of a sister for his Donation to her.

BY J. H. COOK.

Great benefactor of our race!
My feeble pen would faintly trace
Thy God-like course—thy matchless deeds:
No child of sorrow *vainly* pleads
To *thee* for succor: thy full hand
Hath scattered o'er our sin-stained land
Unnumbered blessings to the poor—
The "weak and wounded sick and sore"
Shall praise thy name with a *full-heart*:
The tears of gratitude shall start
From Afric's sons or "faces pale"—
Thy *honors true* shall never fail.
Thou'rt not the *smith* who forges chains
To shackle bodies, torture brains,
No—*cords of love* that never gall
Extend from thee round one and *all*.
No worldly honors, pelf or power,
Can cause thy lofty soul to cower:
That "Higher Power" those "Riches True,"
Are Polar Stars attracting *you*.
To thee it may be truly said:
Thy *heart's consistent* with thy *head*—
With "*holy hands*" thou ever prayest
Because thou *dorest* as well as *sayest*.
For thee, who art in *deed* her friend,
Shall *woman's heart-felt prayers* ascend—
Thy "bread upon the waters cast,"
Shall yield an endless, rich repast:
Yea all the treasures earth can hold
Are nothing to that "*hundred fold*,"
Which unto thee on earth is given,
With "everlasting life" in heaven.

Sauquoit, N. Y.

From The British Friend.

THE PLEA OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

BY WILLIAM STOKES.

1.

Afar on the mountain,
Across the blue sea,
Where springs the pure fountain.
In dark Abomey;
Where Nile rolls his waters,
Through desert and plain,
And Africa's daughters
Wear Slavery's chain;

2.

They cry in strange voices
To Britain's fair isles,
Where Freedom rejoices,
And Liberty smiles:
"O ye who can sever
The bands of the slave;
Whose shores have been ever
The home of the brave;

3.

"Whose stern tones of thunder,
All tyrannies shake;
Whose words snap asunder
The fetters they make;
O once more awaken,
Your work to complete,
And let the forsaken
Be heard at your feet.

4.

"The white man yet tears us
From homes that are free,
The death-ship yet bears us
Across the rude sea;
The tears of the mother
All vainly flow there,
The cries of the brother
No sister may spare.

5.

"Of 'one blood,' they tell us,
We all have been made,
Then cruelly sell us
As chattels in trade;
They show us no pity,
Their heart is all cold—
In Liberty's city*
We're barter'd for gold.

6.

"O save us! O save us!
From bondage and chains—
From men who enslave us,
Then mock at our pains—
From friends who take measure
Of limbs like their own,
Then reckon their treasure
In muscle and bone.

7.

"By all that is tender
In womanly grace,
By all that should render
To woman her place;
By rights that are given
Direct from on high,
As sacred as heaven,
As pure as the sky;

8.

"By the wrongs of the friendless,
The groans of the weak,
The tears that flow endless
Down Africa's cheek;
By the blood of the slaughtered
That cries from her sands,
By the moans of the tortured
In merciless bands;

9.

"By the loud shriek of woman
In agonies wild,
Whom monsters inhuman
Have torn from her child;
By him who will render
To all men their deeds,
Who proves the defender
When innocence bleeds,

10.

"O Britons! arouse you
Your strong help we crave,
And once more espouse you
The cause of the slave:
Or, shall we unheeded
Cry out in our pain,
And the cause we have pleaded
Be pleaded in vain?"

October 8, 1850.

*Washington, United States.

Miscellany.

From Abbott's "History of Madame Roland."

MADAME ROLAND.

The Girondists were led from their dungeons in the Conciergerie to the execution on the 31st of October, 1793. Upon that very day Madame Roland was conveyed from the prison of St. Pelagié to the same gloomy cells vacated by the death of her friends. She was cast into a bare and miserable dungeon, in that subterranean receptacle of woe, where there was not even a bed. Another prisoner, moved with compassion, drew his own pallet into her cell, that she might not be compelled to throw herself for repose upon the cold, wet stones. The chill air of winter had now come, and yet no covering was allowed her. Through the long night she shivered with the cold.

The prison of the Conciergerie consists of a series of dark and damp subterranean vaults, situated beneath the floor of the Palace of Justice. Imagination can conceive of nothing more dismal than these sombre caverns, with long and winding galleries opening into cells as dark as the tomb. You descend by a flight of massive stone steps into this sepulchral abode, and, passing through double doors, whose iron strength time has deformed, but not weakened, you enter upon the vast labyrinthine prison, where the imagination wanders affrighted through intricate mazes of halls, and arches, and vaults, and dungeons, rendered only more appalling by the dim light which struggles through those grated orifices which pierced the massive walls. The Seine flows by upon one side, separated only by the high way of the quays. The bed of the Seine is above the floor of the prison. The surrounding earth was consequently saturated with water, and the oozing moisture diffused over the walls and the floors the humidity of the sepulchre. The plash of the river: the rumbling of carts upon the pavement overhead; the heavy tramp of countless footfalls, as the multitude poured into and out of the halls of justice, mingled with the moaning of the prisoners in those solitary cells. There were one or two narrow courts scattered in this vast structure, where the prisoners could look up the precipitous walls, as of a well, towering high above them, and see a few square yards of sky. The gigantic quadrangular tower, reared above these firm foundations, was formerly the imperial palace from which issued all power and law. Here the French kings reveled in voluptuousness, with their prisoners groaning beneath their feet. This strong hold of feudalism had now become the tomb of the monarchy. In one of the most loathsome of these cells, Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Cæsars, had languished in misery as profound as mortals can suffer, till, in the endurance of every conceivable insult, she was dragged to the guillotine.

It was into a cell adjoining that which the hapless queen had occupied, that Madame Roland was cast. Here the proud daughter of the emperors of Austria and the humble child of the artisan, each, after a career of unexampled vicissitudes, found their paths to meet but a few steps from the scaffold. The victim of the monarchy and the victim of the Revolution were conducted to the same dungeons and perished on the same block. They met as antagonists in the stormy arena of the French Revolution. They were nearly of equal age. The one possessed the prestige of wealth, and rank, and ancestral power; the other, the energy of vigorous and cultivated mind. Both were endowed with unusual attractions of person, spirits invigorated by enthusiasm and the loftiest heroism. From the antagonism of life they met in death.

The day after Madame Roland was placed in the Conciergerie, she was visited by one of the notorious officers of the revolutionary party, and very closely questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondists. She frankly avowed the elevated affection and esteem with which she cherished their memory, but she declared that she and they were the cordial friends of republican liberty; that they wished to preserve, not to destroy, the Constitution. The examination was vexatious and intolerant in the extreme. It lasted for three hours, and consisted in an incessant torrent of criminations, to which she was hardly permitted to offer one word in reply. This examination taught her the nature of the accusations which would be brought against her. She sat down in her cell that very night, and, with a rapid pen, sketched that defence which has been pronounced one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution.

Having concluded it, she retired to rest, and slept with the serenity of a child. She was called upon several times by committees sent from the revolutionary tribunal for examination. They were resolved to take her life, but were anxious to do it, if possible, under the forms of law. She passed through all their examinations with the most perfect composure, and the most dignified self-possession. Her enemies could not withhold their expressions of admiration as they saw her in her sepulchral cell of stone and of iron, cheerful, fascinating, and perfectly at ease. She knew that she was to be led from that cell to a violent death, and yet no faltering of soul could be detected. Her spirit had apparently achieved a perfect victory over all earthly ills.

The upper part of the door of her cell was an iron grating. The surrounding cells were filled with the most illustrious ladies and gentlemen of France. As the hour of death drew near, her courage and animation seemed to increase. Her features glowed with enthusiasm; her thoughts and expressions were refulgent with sublimity, and her whole aspect assumed the impress of one appointed to fill some great and lofty destiny. She remained but a few days in the Conciergerie before she was led to the scaffold. During those few days, by her example and her encouraging words, she spread among the numerous prisoners there an enthusiasm and a spirit of heroism which elevated, above the fear of the scaffold, even the most timid and depressed. This glow of feeling and exhiliration gave a new impress of sweetness and fascination to her beauty. The length of her captivity, the calmness with which she contemplated the certain approach of death, gave to her voice that depth of tone and slight tremulousness of utterance which sent her eloquent words home with thrilling power to every heart. Those who were walking in the corrider, or who were the occupants of adjoining cells, often called for her to speak to them words of encouragement and consolation.

Standing upon a stool at the door of her own cell, she grasped with her hands the iron grating which separated her from her audience. This was her tribune. The melodious accents of her voice floated along the labyrinthine avenues of those dismal dungeons, penetrating cell after cell, and arousing energy in hearts which had been abandoned to despair. It was, indeed, a strange scene which was thus witnessed in these sepulchral caverns. The silence, as of the grave, reigned there, while the clear and musical tones of Madame Roland, as of an angel of consolation, vibrated through the rusty bars, and along the dark, damp cloisters. One who was at that time an inmate of the prison, and survived those dreadful scenes, has described, in glowing terms, the almost miraculous effects of her soul-moving eloquence. She was already past the prime of life, but she was still fascinating. Combined with the most wonderful power of expression, she possessed a voice so exquisitely musical, that, long after her lips were silenced in death, its tones vibrated in lingering strains in the souls of those by whom they had ever been heard. The prisoners listened with the most profound attention to her glowing words, and regarded her almost as a celestial spirit, who had come to animate them to heroic deeds. She often spoke of the Girondists who had already perished upon the guillotine. With perfect fearlessness she avowed her friendship for them, and ever spoke of them as *our friends*. She, however, was careful never to utter a word which would bring tears into the eye. She wished to avoid herself all the weakness of tender emotions, and to lure the thoughts of her companions away from every contemplation which could enervate their energies.

Occasionally, in the solitude of her cell, as the image of her husband and of her child rose before her, and her imagination dwelt upon her desolated home and her blighted hopes—her husband denounced and pursued by lawless violence, and her child soon to be an orphan—woman's tenderness would triumph over the heroine's stoicism. Burying, for a moment, her face in her hands, she would burst into a flood of tears. Immediately struggling to regain composure, she would brush her tears away, and dress her countenance in its accustomed smiles. She remained in the Conciergerie but one week, and during that time so endeared herself to all as to become the prominent object of attention and love. Her case is one of the most extraordinary the history of the world has presented, in which the very highest degree of heroism is combined with the most resistless charms of feminine loveliness. An unfeminine woman can never be *loved* by men. She may be respected for her talents, she may be honored for her philanthrophy, but she cannot win the warmer emotions of the heart. But Madame Roland, with an energy of will, an inflexibility of purpose, a firmness of stoical endurance which no mortal man has ever exceeded, combined that gentleness, and tenderness, and affection—that instinctive sense of the proprieties of her sex—which gathered around her a love as pure and as enthusiastic as a woman ever excited. And while her friends, many of whom were the most illustrious men in France, had enthroned her as an idol in their hearts, the breath of slander never ventured to intimate that she was guilty even of an impropriety.

The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau de la Garde, visited her to consult respecting her defence. She, well aware that no one could speak a word in her favor but at the peril of his own life, and also fully conscious that her doom was already sealed, drew a ring from her finger, and said to him:

"To-morrow, I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance cannot avail aught for me, and would but endanger you. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard."

The next day she was led to her trial. She attired herself in a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, and her long dark hair fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders. She emerged from her dungeon the vision of unusual loveliness. The prisoners who were walking in the corridors gathered around her, and with smiles and words of encouragement she infused energy into their hearts. Calm and invincible she met her judges. She was accused of the crimes of being the wife of M. Roland and the friend of his friends. Proudly she acknowledged herself guilty of both those charges. Whenever she attempted to utter a word in her defence, she was brow beaten by the judges, and silenced by the clamors of the mob which filled the tribunal. The mob now ruled with undisputed sway in both legislative and executive halls. The serenity of her eye was untroubled, and the composure of her disciplined spirit unmoved, save by the exaltation of enthusiam, as she noted the progress of the trial, which was bearing her rapidly and resistlessly to the scaffold. It was, however, difficult to bring any accusation against her by which, under the form of law, she could be condemned. France, even in its darkest hour, was rather ashamed to behead a woman, upon whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed, simply for being the *wife of her husband, and the friend of his friends*. At last the president demanded of her that she should reveal her husband's asylum. She proudly replied:

"I do not know of any law by which I can be obliged to violate the strongest feelings of nature."

This was sufficient, and she was immediately condemned. Her sentence was thus expressed:

"The public accuser has drawn up the present indictment against Jane Mary Philippon, the wife of Roland, late Minister of the Interior, for having wickedly and designedly aided and assisted in the conspiracy which existed against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, against the liberty and safety of the French people, by assembling at her house, in secret council, the principal chiefs of that conspiracy, and by keeping up a correspondence tending to facilitate their treasonable designs. The tribunal having heard the public accuser deliver his reasons concerning the application of the law, condemns Jane Mary Philippon, wife of Roland, to the punishment of death."

She listened calmly to her sentence, and then rising, bowed with dignity to her judges, and, smiling, said:

"I thank you, gentlemen, for thinking me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavor to imitate their firmness on the scaffold."

With the buoyant step of a child, and with a rapidity which almost betokened joy, she passed beneath the narrow portal, and descended to her cell from which she was to be led, with the morning light, to a bloody death. The prisoners had assembled to greet her on her return, and anxiously gathered around her. She looked upon them with a smile of perfect tranquility, and, drawing her hand across her neck, made a sign expressive of her doom. But a few hours elapsed between her sentence and her execution. She retired to her cell, wrote a few words of parting to her friends, played upon a harp, which had found its way into the prison, her requiem, in tones so wild and mournful, that, floating in the dark hours of the night, through these sepulchral caverns, they fell like unearthly music upon the despairing souls there incarcerated.

The morning of the 10th of November, 1793, dawned gloomily upon Paris. It was one of the darkest days of that reign of terror which, for so long a period, enveloped France in its sombre shades. The ponderous gates of the court-yard of the Conciergerie opened that morning to a long procession of carts loaded with victims for the guillotine. Madame Roland had contemplated her fate too long, and had disciplined her spirit too severely, to fail of fortitude in this last hour of trial. She came from her cell scrupulously attired for the bridal of death. A serene smile was upon her cheek, and the glow of joyous animation lighted up her features as she waved an adieu to the weeping prisoners who gathered around her. The last cart was assigned to Madame Roland. She entered it with a step as light and elastic as if it were a carriage for a pleasant morning's drive. By her side stood an infirm old man, M. La Marche. He was pale and trembling, and his fainting heart, in view of the approaching terror, almost ceased to beat. She sustained him by her arm, and addressed to him words of consolation and encouragement, in cheerful accents and with a benignant smile. The poor old man felt that God had sent an angel to strengthen him in the dark hour of death. As the cart heavily rumbled along the pavement, drawing nearer and nearer to the guillotine, two or three times, by her cheerful words, she even caused a smile faintly to play upon his pallid lips.

The guillotine was now the principle instrument of amusement for the populace of Paris. It was so elevated that all could have a good view of the spectacle it presented. To witness the conduct of nobles and of ladies, of boys and of girls, while passing through the horrors of a sanguinary death, was far more exciting than the unreal and bombastic tragedies of the theatre, or the conflicts of the cock-pit and the bear garden. A countless throng flooded the streets; men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, execrating. The celebrity of Madame Roland, her extraordinary grace and beauty, and her aspect, not only of heroic fearlessness, but of joyous exhiliration, made her the prominent object of public gaze. A white robe gracefully enveloped her perfect form, and her black and glossy hair, which for some reason the executioners had neglected to cut, fell in rich profusion to her waist. A keen November blast swept the streets, under the influence of which, and the excitement of the scene, her animated countenance glowed with all the ruddy bloom of youth. She stood firmly in the cart, looking with a serene eye upon the crowds which lined the streets, and listening with unruffled serenity to the clamor which filled the air. A large crowd surrounded the cart in which Madame Roland stood, shouting, "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!"

She looked kindly upon them, and, bending over the railing of the cart, said to them, in tones as placid as if she were addressing her own child, "My friends, I *am* going to the guillotine. In a few moments I shall be there. They who send me thither will ere long follow me. I go innocent. They will come stained with blood. You who now applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal."

Madame Roland had continued writing her memoirs until the hour in which she left her cell for the scaffold. When the cart had almost arrived at the foot of the guillotine, her spirit was so deeply moved by the tragic scene—such emotions came rushing in upon her soul from departing time and opening eternity, that she could not repress the desire to pen down her glowing thoughts. She entreated an officer to furnish her for a moment with a pen and paper. The repuest was refused. It is much to be regretted that we are thus deprived of that unwritten chapter of her life. It cannot be doubted that the words she would then have written would have long vibrated upon the ear of a listening world. Soul utterances will force their way over mountains, and valleys, and oceans. Despotism cannot arrest them. Time cannot enfeeble them.

The long procession arrived at the guillotine, and the bloody work commenced. The victims were dragged from the carts, and the axe rose and fell with unceasing rapidity. Head after head fell into the basket, and the pile of bleeding trunks rapidly increased in size. The executioners approached the cart where Madame Roland stood by the side of her fainting companion. With an animated countenance and a cheerful smile, she was all engrossed in endeavoring to infuse fortitude into his soul. The executioner grasped her by the arm. "Stay," said she, slightly resisting his grasp; "I have one favor to ask, and that is not for myself. I beseech you grant it me." Then turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold. To see my blood flow would make you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my execution." The stern officer gave a surly refusal, replying, "My orders are to take you first." With that winning smile and that fascinating grace which were almost resistless, she rejoined, "You cannot, surely, refuse a woman her last request." The hard-hearted executor of the law was brought with the influence of her enchantment. He paused, looked at her for a moment in slight bewilderment, and yielded. The poor old man, more dead than alive, was conducted upon the scaffold and placed beneath the fatal axe. Madame Roland without the slightest change of color, or the apparent tremor of a nerve, saw the ponderous instrument, with its glittering edge, glide upon its deadly mission, and the decapitated trunk of her friend was thrown aside to give place for her. With a placid countenance and a buoyant step, she ascended the platform. The guillotine was erected upon the vacant spot between the garden of the Tuilleries and the Elysian Fields, then known as the Place de la Revolution. This spot is now called the Place de la Concorde. It is unsurpassed by any other place in Europe. Two marble fountains now embellish the spot. The blood-stained guillotine, from which crimson rivulets were ever flowing, then occupied the space upon which one of these fountains has been erected; and a clay statue to Liberty reared its hypocritical front where the Egyptian obelisk now rises. Madame Roland stood for a moment upon the elevated platform, looked calmly around upon the vast concourse, and then bowing before the colossal statue, exclaimed, "O, Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name." She surrendered herself to the executioner, and was bound to the plank. The plank fell to its horizontal position, bringing her head under the fatal axe. The glittering steel glided through the groove, and the head of Madame Roland was severed from her body.

Thus died Madame Roland, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her death oppressed all who had known her with the deepest grief. Her intimate friend Buzot, who was then a fugitive, on hearing the tidings, was thrown into a state of perfect delirium, from which he did not recover for many days. Her faithful female servant was so overwhelmed with grief, that she presented herself before the tribunal, and implored them to let her die upon the same scaffold where her beloved mistress had perished. The tribunal, amazed at such transports of attachment, declared that she was mad, and ordered her to be removed from their presence. A man-servant made the same application, and was sent to the guillotine.

The grief of M. Roland, when apprized of the event, was unbounded. For a time he entirely lost his senses. Life to him was no longer endurable. He knew not of any consolations of religion. Philosophy could only nerve him to stoicism. Privately he left, by night, the kind friends who had hospitably concealed him for six months, and wandered to such a distance from his asylum as to secure his protectors from any danger on his account. Through the long hours of the winter's night he continued his dreary walk, till the first gray of the morning appeared in the east. Drawing a long stiletto from the inside of his walking-stick, he placed the head of it against the trunk of a tree, and threw himself upon the sharp weapon. The point pierced his heart, and, he fell lifeless upon the frozen ground. Some peasants passing by discovered his body. A piece of paper was pinned to the breast of his coat, upon which there were written these words: "Whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a virtuous man. After my wife's death, I would not stay another day in a world so stained with crime."

From "Richard Edney."

CLEAN PARLORS.

But we must come back of what we have written, a little; we are overstating the case. We say Bebby could not talk; people generally said so, and we incidentally fell into the common error. But it would not do to say this before Memmy; she would be instantly upon you. "Bebby can talk: she can say 'Ma, Ma,' and 'No. No,' and 'dum, dum,' and 'bye, bye,' and 'there!' She has got teeth, now! It was an old idea of Memmy's that Bebby could not talk because she had no teeth; she said the gums covered her teeth all up, and the words, too. But the teeth came—at least, two or three of them got out of their entanglement,—and then she could talk. So declared Memmy; and when the Mother of the Child and the Father spoke of his defect and backwardness in this respect, Memmy always came forward with a stout demurrer.

We say this, that the children may have full justice; and we say it for Richard's sake, who took Memmy's side in the controversy, and always defended the ground that Bebby could talk.

Uncle Richard was reading a newspaper, but—the selfish imps!—they would not tolerate that; they would have no interference with *their* rights; they were news enough for him; accident and incident; hair breadth escapes; wonderful discoveries; they were foreign news and domestic news; they had their poet's corner, and their page of romance. And they had some original thoughts on perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle, and were crowded with pictorial advertisements of as many strange things as Barnum has in his Museum.

Bebby was more bland, and soft, and supple, than Memmy, or than Memmy ever had been. Memmy's hair was darker, and lay smooth on her head; but Bebby's was all in a toss, and always in a toss; it was not curly, but flocculent, and had a pearly lustre, and it hung on her like the fringe of the smoke-tree, and looked like a ferment of snow, a little cloud of snow-dust flying about the room.

Memmy pulled off her shoes and stockings,—this was not allowed, but mother's back was turned, and uncle looked on so smilingly,—and Bebby's were off in a trice; and they went pattering and tripping barefoot. Memmy got into the bed-room, and hid, and cooped: and Bebby found her; and there were great bursts of astonishment and pleasure. Then Bebby undertook to do the same; but she cooped before she got to her hiding-place, and then she frisked round trying to find herself, and this made them more obstreperous.

Mother went out of the room a moment, leaving a bowl of Indian meal on the table. No sooner did Memmy spy this, and see the coast clear, than she pushed a chair along-side the table, and fell to dabbling in the meal. Bebby must follow suit; she shoved a chair all the way across the room, and they both stood on the margin of the meal bowl. This was rare sport; it was something new for Bebby, she never had got so far before—she had never thrust her hands into meal. Memmy had,—Memmy was used to it. But Bebby, she was awed, and she was enraptured; she was on Pisgah's top, and Canaan lay fairly before her,—only she was a little afraid of Jordan. Why should she crow so? Why should she be so all in a tremble? What did she want of the meal? But into it she dove both arms, to the elbows; she lifted it with her hand, she crumpled it in her fist, she sifted it through her fingers; she made piles of it, and scattered them. Then she looked at her fingers, and on her dress, and on the table; and when she saw the meal spilled everywhere, she seemed half frightened. Had n't she a conscience, and was n't some fiery young Nemesis scourging her inside? Did she love the feeling of the soft powder? had she a passion for dust? would she wallow in the mire, if she had a chance? Inexplicable little meal-stirrer! Memmy sprinkled some on Bebby's head, and Bebby tried to reciprocate the favor. Mother came back. "Richard," she screamed, "how could you let them do so?" Richard had done nothing about the matter, except to look on. "Was n't that enough?" said she; "could n't you see it?" Seizing Bebby by the shoulders, she held the child square round for Richard to look at. "Her tire," she continued, "was span-clean this morning; her hair is full of it! O, I shall go off the handle! Have you no heart, brother? Could n't you feel as well as see?" 'It is nothing very bad, I hope," said Richard. "All covered with this dirty meal!' exclaimed Roxy. "Your meal is not dirty is it, sister?" "Don't joke, brother! It is a serious case; the children are forming bad habits!"

"Habits of what?" asked Richard.

"Habits of getting into things," she replied.

"That is not a bad habit,—is it?"

"Habits of getting dirty. And I always said, if ever I had a child, it should be kept clean. If there is anything in the world most disagreeable, it is a dirty child."

"The children are not disagreeable to me," said Richard.

"They are not to me," rejoined his sister; "but they are to other people."

"It seems to me," added Richard, "I would not trouble myself much about other people, if I was satisfied myself. 'Other people' are numerous; and if the little ones are to be adjusted to their caprice, I fear they will have a hard time of it in life, and will wonder what they were born for. Besides, 'other people' are a good ways off, and have really small concern in Memmy and Bebby."

"We do not know how far off they are, any more than we do death; and we ought always to be prepared, as Elder Jabson says. If Mrs. Mellow should call,—oh Richard! Wash your face, Memmy!—I am expecting callers to day. I want you to kindle a fire in the air-tight in the parlor."

Richard went on this errand, and the children followed him. But their mother drew them back, saying, "You shall not go into the parlor! I have often told you not to go into the parlor. I always said if ever I had a child it should not go into the Parlor. I will have one place in the house fit to be in!"

The room, into which Richard had not been before, acquired all at once a singular consequence to his eye. He looked carefully around it; he walked softly over it, as if some rare mystery lurked in the midst of it. It was the largest room in the house, and apparently the most open and pleasant. It had windows enough, at least, to favor the notion of light and freedom; four of them, that must command fine views,—views, when the curtains were up and the ice and snow were gone. In the mean while, as a substitute for these out-of-door objects, the curtains afforded certain attempts at scenery,—a yellow castle, a whittling of a stream of water; and on the west side, right in the face of the sunset, was a picture of the sun setting in a botch of green paint. The room was well furnished with sofa, carpet, looking-glass, cane-bottomed chairs; a mahogany card-table stood under the looking-glass, containing books, a card-basket, a small solar-lamp, and several daguerreotypes. The mantel-piece was decorated with plated candlesticks, a blue-tinted cologne-bottle, a boquet of wax flowers, and a stromb shell.

Richard inspected the contents of the table. He found the books were gifts, gilded and embossed,—most of them old ones, and such as his sister received before her marriage. There were also little books, Christmas presents of the father to the children. On the sofa lay a cloak and shawl, and a leghorn bonnet, trimmed with green, and lined with flowers.

"Well," thought Richard, nothing very terrible in this." Now, our friend was naturally of a serious turn of mind; but somehow, at this time, lighter feelings came over him, and he might have gone as far as a certain Methodist young man did, who was obliged to confess to his class-leader the sin of perpetrating a joke. At least he went so far as to pretend to joke—pretend to see the ludicrous side of things. "What can there be in the parlor to render it so frightful? Will the chairs fall to pieces?" He shook a couple of them. "Are there trap-doors in the floor, to let the children through?" He tried two or three places, springing down with his whole weight on his heels. "Perhaps the harem-scarems will have the walls down on their heads!" He sounded different parts with his fist. "Would the curtain pictures terrify them? That is possible but it were easy to roll up the curtains, and there would be a fine view from the windows. Yes," he continued, "this must be very fine, in summer. What a lake the dam makes! it would hold a thousand like father's. The houses and gardens, trees and mountains, beyond, must be very fine." The world without sobered him, and so occupied him he did not perceive the entrance of the children. Somehow they had got into the room, and Memmy was running to show her Christmas present, and Bebby had climbed the sofa, and got her mother's bonnet on backside before, and her gloves palm side up, and was trying to wrap herself in the cloak. Richard's humor had not so far evaporated but he enjoyed the sight of Bebby, and particularly when she thrust her hands through the cloak, with the thumbs on the off-side, and the fingers looking as if they would be glad to accommodate the little usurper, but had laughed themselves to death in the attempt, and had no strength left. But this was recreation at too great cost, too great for the mother, who bolted into the room, and soon had her ambitious child deplumed, and restored to its proper simplicity.

"It troubles you, Roxy," said Richard.

"It does," she answered; "and I think you and Asa are not considerate,—not considerate of what we women endure. You act as if we hadn't any feelings!"

"You mean, the children act so."

"The children would not act so if they were only rightly governed; and there can be no government when the men do not take hold and help the women Set down from the sofa, Memmy! I have given you positive orders never to get on there."

"What is the sofa made for?" asked Richard.

"Not for children to dirty and wear out with their feet. We shall have nothing fit for company long at this rate.—Put up that book!"

"It is my present," replied the child; "papa gave it to me."

"It is yours to keep, not to be torn up," answered the mother.

Richard began to think there was some fact in what he had regarded as fiction, and that there was danger to the children in the parlor. They touched the card-table, and their hands were snatched off; they climbed into the chairs, and were hastily taken down; they approached the walls, and were warned away; and presently, as if the floor itself might prove treacherous, and let them incontinently into the cellar, they were driven from the room.

THE INTERMENT OF BRANT, THE CELEBRATED INDIAN CHIEF.

Having been a witness of the imposing ceremonies on Monday last attending the interment of the great Indian Warrior, Capt. Joseph Brant, so well known to our revolutionary fathers, I take the liberty of forwarding you a brief sketch of the proceedings upon that occasion, together with some historical facts in relation to this celebrated Chief, which I have obtained from several sources.

He was born on the banks of the Ohio River in the year 1742, while his parents were on a hunting excursion. A tradition is still kept alive that he was the son of Sir William Johnson, but this is not generally believed. His mother married an Indian called Carrihogo, or News-Carrier, who received the Christian name of Barnet or Bernard, which by contraction afterward came to be pronounced Brant. Each of the original Five Nations were divided into three tribes—the Tortoise, the Bear, and the Wolf; Brant belonged to the latter, and well did he merit the apellation.

The confederation, or Six Nations, were composed of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras. The laws of the Confederation required that the Onondagas should provide the King, and the Mohawks the War Chief; to the last-named office Brant was elected. At the age of 13 he went upon his first "war-path," having been in the battle of Lake George in the year 1755. In the Niagara campaign of 1759, he accompanied Sir William Johnson in all his brilliant achievements, and acquitted himself with distinguished bravery. Soon after this he was placed under the instruction of President Wheelock, at Dartmouth, where he remained about two years. In 1763 he took an active part in the war with Pontiac, the great Chief of the Ottoways.

The whole country of the Mohawks was a continual scene of the fury of war and desolating carnage. Among the fiercest and most terrific of all the Indian tribes, the Mohawks stood preeminent. For many long years the cry of "Mohawk, Mohawk," ringing from hill to hill, would scatter the red men with whom they were at enmity, like sheep before a herd of wolves.

The ancient Council Fire of the Six Nations is said always to have been kept burning at Onondaga, the central nation of the confederacy, until after the alliance was formed with the English, when the fires of the United Councils were kindled at Albany. In the summer of 1775 these fires were extinguished, at the close of the Great Council held there at that time.

Deeply as we may deplore the hideous atrocities committed by the Indians during the war of the Revolution, lasting as may be our detestation and abhorrence of their appalling cruelty, it is but just to say that they took up arms against the Colonists somewhat tardily, and reluctantly. The Mohawks were the first to take the field as a matter of course; the cause of this is obvious. They felt under the strongest obligation to Sir William Johnson; they cherished his memory with the highest veneration; were taught to believe that the King of England was not only their fast friend, but was all powerful everywhere; industriously taught that a party of Americans were plotting to seize their superintendent and carry him off; Brant was Secretary to one of the Johnsons; all the advantages of his superior education and native sagacity, were brought to bear upon the natives; all that craft, cunning, and unsparing industry could accomplish was brought to influence the question; presents, goods, money, and "fire-water," were lavished upon the Indians by the English, without stint, while on the other hand the Colonists were poor; in addition to all this, a fearful epidemic broke out in the Schoharie canton of the Mohawks, which came near exterminating them; this they were made to believe was a manifestation of the anger of the Great Spirit for not taking sides with the King, and at last they were induced to engage in the cause of the Crown and take up arms in good earnest.

In 1776 Brant made his first visit to England, where he was well received. He had become impressed from the very first with the idea that the arms of the King would be victorious; he looked upon the treaties made by his fathers with the King as of the most binding and sacred character, and he pledged himself to take the field on his return with 3,000 warriors. He was actively engaged at the close of the disastrous Canadian campaign.

The Senecas were at last brought into the field against the colonists, by a base fraud. In 1777, at the battle of Oriskany, they were sent for to see the English whip the rebels; they were not wanted to fight; no one would desire them to take any part in the contest. Upon this pledge they came, when they were compelled by force to engage in the battle. Upon this occasion the Indians were commanded by Brant in person. From that time until the close of the war, Brant carried a burning torch in one hand and the tomahawk in the other.

After peace was declared, Brant devoted himself to his people with great assiduity, until the end of his life. His son, Capt. John Brant, distinguished himself in the war of 1812.

On Sunday, the day previous to the French ceremonies, I made a visit, in company with some friends, to the Mohawk village, near Brantford, Canada West, with the hope of attending divine service in the church erected there by the exertions of Brant. It was a sad disappointment to find that the resident minister was absent, and we were deprived of listening to the "forest notes wild" of the Indian girls who so sweetly chant their praises to the Giver of good. We were, however, most kindly received by Mr. Henry Newman, the head teacher of the Indian School, who took unwearied pains to impart all the information that was desired—The church is a plain building, with a high sharp roof, in the Flemish style; every stick of timber in it was prepared with a whip-saw. It was the first church erected in the Province. The coat of arms over the door was a present from George IVth. The sacramental plate was the gift of Queen Anne, and bears the following inscription:

FROM HER MAJESTY,
ANNE,
OF ENGLAND, IRELAND AND FRANCE, QUEEN,
TO HER
CHAPEL OF THE MOHAWKS.

The school contains some fifty scholars of both sexes. The boys are taught different trades, as well as the common branches of education, and the girls are instructed in domestic employments. Most of them prefer running wild in their native woods to the confinement of the school-room. They bore some evidence of the progress of civilization, as most of them had a very light complexion.

The bones of Captain Brant had been enclosed in the coffin before my arrival; it was opened to allow me to examine the remains of the departed hero. The head is a remarkable one; caution, benevolence, social affections, large; combativeness, destructiveness and fortitude also large. His devotion to his people and his destructiveness overcame his very large caution, and made him a brave man in defence of their rights and in redress of their wrongs.

The coffin is of plain oak, with no other ornament or appendage than a plate of steel, with the simple inscription;

THAYENDENAGA,

the Indian name of Brant, pronounced as if written Tie-en-da-na-gue—signifying two sticks of wood bound together, indicating strength. The next tomb is a plain, solid structure, the stone slab being from the banks of the Ohio, near where Brant was born. It contains the following inscription:

THIS TOMB
IS INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF
THAYENDENAGA,
OR
CAPT. JOSEPH BRANT,
PRINCIPAL CHIEF AND WARRIOR OF THE SIX NATION INDIANS,
BY HIS
Fellow subjects, admirers of his fidelity to the
BRITISH CROWN.
Born on the Banks of the Ohio River, 1742: Died at Wellington-Square, U. C. 1807.

IT ALSO CONTAINS THE REMAINS OF HIS SON
AHYOWAIGHS,
OR
CAPT JOHN BRANT,
Who succeeded his father as Tekarihogea, and distinguished himself
IN THE WAR OF 1812-'15
Born at the Mohawk Village, U. C. 1794: Died at the same place, 1832.

ERECTED, 1850.

The weather was favorable for the people, enabling them to attend the ceremonies even from a great distance. At 12 o'clock the procession was formed in the public square of the town of Brantford, in the following order: The Barton Lodge of Free Masons, from Hamilton, under the direction of Sir Allen McNab, Provincial Grand Master; High School and teachers; Cadets of Temperance; Sons of Temperance; Gore Lodge of Odd Fellows; Brant Lodge of do.; Orange Society; Mayor and Corporation; Magistrates; Brant Committee; citizens generally. At a little distance from town they were met by the Six Nation Indians, who turned out in much smaller numbers than was anticipated, and the procession proceeded to the Mohawk Village where the ceremonies were to take place. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. A. Nellis, the resident minister; Rev. Peter Jones, an Indian Chief; Sir Allen McNab; Messrs. Thorburn, Burwell, and Hotchkiss, in the English language, and by Maj. Henry Brant in the Indian language. Mr. Hotchkiss is an American gentleman, residing in Shelburne, Mass., and made decidedly the most eloquent and forcible speech delivered upon the occasion—this was universally conceded. Brant had saved the life of his father some fifty years ago, who was taken sick at his house in the Mohawk Village, and Mr. H. was here publicly to testify his gratitude.

The speeches were upon one theme—the invaluable services of Capt. Brant to the British crown. It was admitted that but for him the English would not have retained their provinces, and yet his family had never received any substantial token of friendship from the British government. Until I saw this miserable remnant of a powerful race in the pitiable plight in which they appeared on this occasion, I had been under the erroneous impression that the English nation had treated the red men better than we have on the other side; but I have had good reason to change my opinion in relation to that matter. They have been victimized everywhere.

After the public spea